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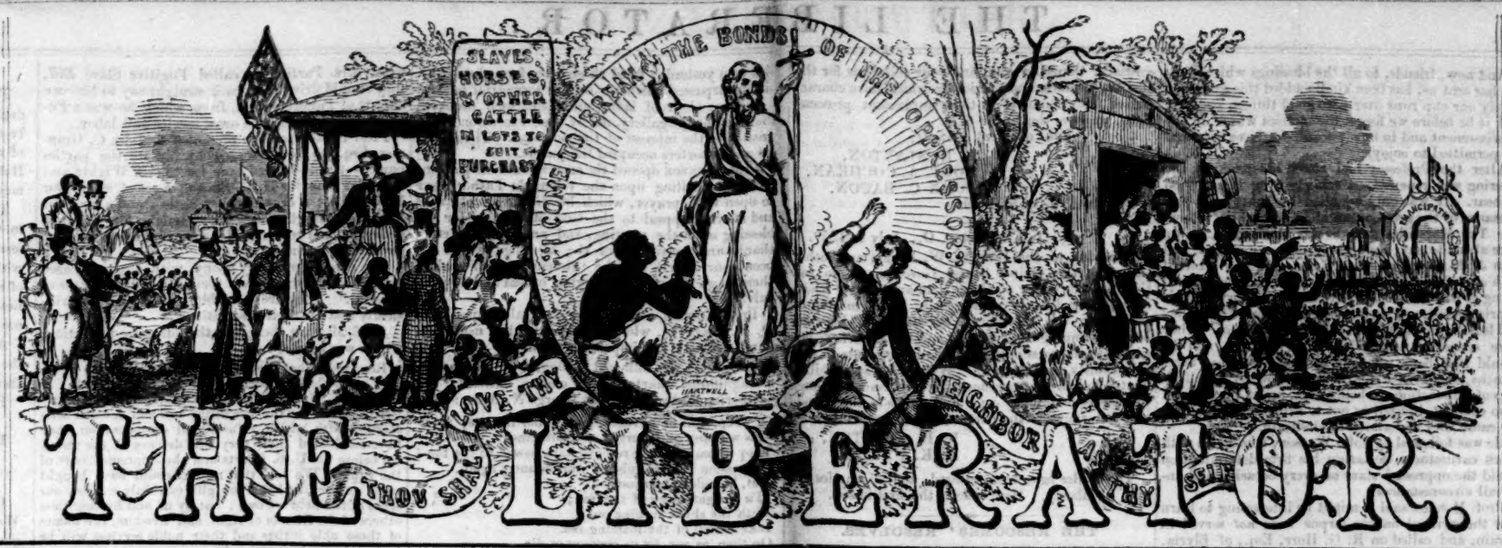
SLAVES, HORSES, & OTHER CATTLE IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS
COME TO BREAK THE BONDS OF THE OPPRESSED
THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THY SELF
HARTWELL
THE LIBERATOR.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

The United States Constitution is 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.'

☞ 'The free States are the guardians and essential supports of slavery. We are the jailers and constables of the institution. . . . There is some excuse for communities, when, under a generous impulse, they espouse the cause of the oppressed in other States, and by force restore their rights; but *they are without excuse in aiding other States in binding on men an unrighteous yoke.* On this subject, OUR FATHERS, IN FRAMING THE CONSTITUTION, SWERVED FROM THE RIGHT. We their children, at the end of half a century, see the path of duty more clearly than they, and *must walk in it.* To this point the public mind has long been tending, and the time has come for looking at it fully, dispassionately, and with manly and Christian resolution. . . . No blessing of the Union can be a compensation for taking part in the enslaving of our fellow-creatures; nor ought this bond to be perpetuated, if experience shall demonstrate that it can only continue through our participation in wrong doing. To this conviction the free States are tending.' — WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Editor. Our Country is the World, our Countrymen are all Mankind. J. B. YERRINTON & SON, Printers

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REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

From the Boston Post.

MR. GEORGE SUMNER'S ORATION.

Those who are acquainted with the education and life of Mr. Sumner are at a loss to understand how he could have allowed himself to enact, in Boston, the *farce* of attempting to criticise an opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States. Is Mr. Sumner a jurist by habit of thought or early training? Has he ever argued a cause in Court or Senate, either before a jury or the legislators of the country, or discussed a question of Constitutional law before any tribunal? Does he pretend to know the limitations of jurisdiction of either the District, or the Circuit, or the Supreme Court of the United States? Did he ever earn a dollar in any business which required professional training of any kind? Has he any associations of business pursuits in any village, or town, or city in the republic? What is his business that has rendered his knowledge and wisdom and patriotism and integrity superior to those endowments in Chief Justice Taney, and justifies him in babbling this wise about the Supreme Court?

'The case of Dred Scott was the occasion taken by certain judges of the Supreme Court to speak from the bench on matters not legally before them—on matters which they had no right in their judicial capacity to discourse upon—which, *as judges*, they could not touch without encroaching upon the functions of the Legislature—nor as *individuals* without prostituting the dignity of their office; converting the Temple of Justice into another Tammany Hall, and the Supreme Bench into a caucus platform.'

We would not pause to notice these ravings of Mr. Sumner were the city government not called upon to say whether or not they endorse these inconsiderate and inexact expressions of their orator. The government of the city of Boston is called on to say, whether the Supreme Court, or an itinerant lecturer like Mr. Sumner, is correct upon positions of law. In respect to the Chief Justice of the United States, and the criticism upon him by the orator, we adopt the language uttered by General Cushing in Newburyport:—

'In the second place, as to the arguments of the Chief Justice, a magistrate in that office for now twenty years, before that Attorney General, and long ago at the head of one of the ablest bars in the United States—that of Maryland—a man now more than eighty years of age, infirm of body, but with a mind which seems to beam out the clearer from its frail earthly shrine, as if it had already half shaken off the dust of mortality, and begun to stand as it were transfigured into the celestial glory and beauty of immortality—I say as to his arguments, I think he might well speak to any one of his critics in the language addressed by Chief Justice Marshall, one day, to a lawyer who was reading to him out of Blackstone—'Young gentleman, it may be assumed, for the purpose of this argument, that the Chief Justice of the United States has some knowledge of the common rudiments of law.'

With the Chief Justice of the United States and Caleb Cushing on one side, and George Sumner on the other, sensible men cannot long doubt which side to espouse, and more especially if the question be one of pure law.

In the present case, the orator of the city has deliberately assailed the Supreme Court of the United States *as corrupt and ignorant*. Will the City Government endorse the opinion?

As for Mr. Sumner himself, he is of no especial importance, individually; but we mention him because he happened to be one of the orators of the city of Boston like nearly a hundred who have gone before him. If he had not been pushed by busy friends for that post, and had not there been too ready compliance to such solicitations, by persons in power, we should never have heard of Mr. Sumner, except as we hear of hundreds of tourists who flit between Boston, Paris, Rome, and the great cities of the world.

From the Detroit Free Press, July 1.

A SHAMEFUL PROCEEDING—ABDUCTION OF A NEGRO GIRL.

A lawless proceeding took place at the dock on the arrival of the *North Star* from Lake Superior yesterday afternoon, resulting in the forcible abduction, by a lot of negroes, of a young mulatto girl, who, in company with her sister, was travelling with their mistress, a Southern lady. The fact of their presence was first made known by some negroes employed on board the boat, at the moment of her arrival at the dock, and, in a short time, a gang of twenty or thirty had collected, who rushed on board the boat and took possession of the cabin, where the girls were sitting in company with their mistress. The girls, who are aged thirteen and seventeen, refused to go with the intruders, and appealed to their mistress for protection. She told them they were at liberty to go if they chose, and inquired of the negroes if they had any means of securing them a support. Of course, no satisfactory answer could be given to this, but the girls were informed that they must go. They refused, and the eldest ran into a state-room, and locked herself in. The other attempted to follow, but was caught and dragged down stairs, and fairly pushed off the boat, followed by the whole gang. The ferry boat Undine lay close alongside, and the crowd rushed on board of her, the captain immediately casting off, and running across the river. While going across, the girl manifested the utmost unwillingness to go to Canada, and informed Captain Chilvers that she did not go with her own consent. Her entreaties and expostulations were, of course, of no avail, as the negroes surrounded her, and would allow of no interference. They took her to Windsor, on the opposite side of the river, and stowed her away in some negro hut, where she now remains.

In the meantime, a messenger was despatched by the gang for an official of some sort to arrest the lady. By a recent act of the Legislature, any person bringing a slave within the limits of the State commits a criminal offence, *punishable by ten years' imprisonment in the State Prison.* The lady was consequently liable to the chances of a felon's cell through the provisions of this very enlightened and characteristic measure. Fortunately for her the boat left the dock before any such advantage could be taken of her helpless position, and proceeded on her way to Cleveland. The lady is a resident of Winchester, Ky., near Louisville, and gave her name as Mrs. Moore. She has been spending the summer at Superior City, and is now on a visit to Cincinnati. Her husband is still at Superior, his wife traveling alone with the two servants, who were kept merely as personal attendants.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says:

The Captain of the Star promptly discharged all the boat hands connected with the affair.

Anxious to learn the precise state of the case, our reporter went over to Windsor, and obtained an interview with the fugitive. He found her in the house of one of the colored citizens of the place. She was neatly dressed, and was, on the whole, a nice looking girl, as before remarked, of very fair complexion, and hardly any thing that betrayed a negro origin. From conversation, our reporter concluded that she regretted, if she had ever consented to, what had taken place. She was evidently bewildered at the course things had taken, and no doubt wished herself once more safely on the North Star.

The rescuers, we are convinced, believed that the girls were being returned to slavery.

If this be correct, we can only rejoice that in this instance the infamous cupidity of man, that compels him thus to traffic in human flesh, has been frustrated. If it be not the case, and there was no intention of again enslaving those whom God made free, we regret that it has happened; for it has separated a young and interesting girl, one who has evidently known only the comforts of a good home, from that home, from her sister, and from all that she has known and loved from childhood. It has also thrown her among entire strangers, and those of a class she is wholly unaccustomed to. In her present situation she will undoubtedly be surrounded by many evil influences, from which, if she is not removed, disgrace and ruin may be her end.

The Detroit *Advertiser*, which is an Abolition-Republican paper, in making the foregoing voluntary admissions, exposes in the plainest language the principles upon which its party-coadjutors act in carrying on the warfare which they have declared against the institution of slavery. We need no better proof that their professed philanthropy for the slave, their sympathy for his woes, their outcries against the separation of families, and their solicitude for his temporal and spiritual welfare, are all covered by a cloak of the shallowest hypocrisy. Freedom for the slave, 'peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must,' is their object; and this they are determined to effect, even at the cost of the best interests of the slave. This freedom is most dearly bought when it requires the loss of home, friends and kindred, and the sacrifice of bodily comfort, peace of mind, virtue and morals. All this, the *Advertiser* asserts, is the price of that liberty which has been forced upon the helpless girl so ruthlessly torn from her friends and kindred by the negroes of Detroit; and yet it exults in the act, if so be that the 'traffic in human flesh has been frustrated' thereby. But at the same time that these philanthropists demand liberty for the slave, they are eager to deprive the master of the same blessed boon, and it was only by the veriest chance that a lady has escaped the punishment of a felon in a Michigan prison, if the people of that State were prepared to faithfully execute the laws which they have made.

We trust that those who have been guilty of this atrocity will meet the punishment which their conduct merits. The case is far more aggravated than the Oberlin rescue, and the penalty for the crime should be made much more severe.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

ABOLITION HUMANITY.

The Detroit *Advertiser*, which is by no means scrupulous as regards the rights of white men in certain cases, however much it may respect the asserted rights of negroes, slaves especially, deems the forcible abduction of the mulatto girl from her mistress at Detroit a glorious and praiseworthy achievement. It expresses the 'belief that the girl is now infinitely better off than she would have been on a cotton plantation, or in a Southern slave-breeder's seraglio, one of which would have been her fate sooner or later.'

This girl was a waiting-maid to her mistress, and had always been accustomed to the luxuries and refinement of respectable society. She, with her sister, were travelling in company with her lady at the time she was torn from them by the negroes of Detroit and Windsor. As last accounts she was quartered in a negro hut at Windsor, Canada, among those of a class she is wholly unaccustomed to, and, by the admission of the *Advertiser*, in a situation where 'disgrace and ruin may be her end,' if she is not speedily removed. And yet that philanthropic paper professes to believe that she is there infinitely better off than she would be at home, among her friends and relatives. It is, indeed, a strange principle that actuates the humane endeavors of these Abolition philanthropists. It demands freedom for the slave, but the price of this liberty is almost invariably a life of misery, or eventual ruin—hardly an equivalent.

One of the strongest arguments against slavery employed by the Abolitionists, is based upon the alleged separation of families. This feature of the institution is held up in all its horror, and many are the sympathetic tears that have been shed while listening to the recital of scenes of domestic woe, consequent upon a forced separation of brothers and sisters, parents and children. But for this, slavery might be almost tolerated. Has the *Advertiser* no tears to shed in behalf of this girl, who has been forcibly separated from her sister, from the comforts of the home that she has always known, and from all that she has loved from childhood? Is the separation less painful under the circumstances, than it would have been, had it occurred under her master's direction? or is it any less a sin? Is it any less an act of violence and injustice, than the wresting of the boy Mortara from his parents, which that paper has so earnestly condemned, in common with the civilized world? He who preaches should endeavor to practise. That is, indeed, a questionable doctrine that makes it right for a non-slaveholder to do that which is wrong if done by a slaveholder.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

CAN A FREE NEGRO OF ANOTHER STATE TAKE PROPERTY BY WILL IN MISSISSIPPI?

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE HIGH COURT OF ERRORS AND APPEALS.

[*From the Mississippian, June 24.*]

A case involving the right of a free negro of another State to take property by will in this State, has recently been adjudicated by the High Court of Errors and Appeals; and as the decision embraces principles of the utmost magnitude, we have improved the earliest opportunity to spread it before the public. The able and lucid decision was pronounced by Judge Harris—Chief Justice Smith concurring. It is proper to mention that a dissenting opinion was delivered by Judge Handy.

The following summary will facilitate the general reader in arriving at an exact comprehension of the points decided by the court:

1. A free negro from another State, without permission by our laws, is incapable of taking property by will in this State.

2. In the absence of positive law in this State securing to them rights here, neither the citizens nor inhabitants of other States or nations have any rights in the State of Mississippi, except those resulting from the laws of comity existing among civilized States and nations.

3. It is especially true of the African, according to the case of Scott *agt.* Sanford, 19th Howd., that he has no rights but such as those who hold the government choose to give him.

4. For more than a century before the adoption of the Federal Constitution, Africans were regarded by the civilized world as beings of an inferior order, and so far inferior that they had no rights which the white man was bound to respect. They were bought and sold as ordinary articles of merchandise. And this opinion and practice was at that time fixed and universal in the civilized portion of the white race, and was directly introduced into the colonies here by the government of Great Britain.

5. This state of public opinion had undergone no change when our Constitution was adopted, as is evident from its provisions and language.

6. After the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the different States still regarded them as an inferior race not embraced in its provisions, and not therefore entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens of other States.

7. The reason for this is that they are alien strangers of an inferior class, incapable of comity; with whom our government has no commercial, social or diplomatic intercourse.

8. That with barbarians, savages, perpetual enemies, or nations who neither acknowledge nor practise the laws of comity, we can have no such reciprocity of rights or obligations. They are to be regarded, therefore, not as alien friends, but as alien enemies; not personal enemies—but as alien strangers—who neither extend nor receive the comity and civility which belong to enlightened nations, and are incapable of their appreciation and enjoyment.

9. It is only by virtue of the municipal law of each State or nation, or by the law of civilized nations—which is regarded as a part of the municipal law of each—that aliens have any rights at all; and neither the municipal law nor the law of nations has any operation in the territory of those who have not, either expressly or impliedly, assented to their obligation.

10. The laws of nations embrace civilized nations only, and do not extend to barbarians, savages or others who refuse to recognize them.

11. Under our statute law, the descendants of all female slaves lawfully in this State are slaves.

12. A negro, by the laws of this State, is *prima facie* a slave.

13. Under our statutes, negroes may be divided into three classes:

First—Slaves, or those legally held to service for life, and the descendants of the females of them.

Second—Free negroes or free persons of color, or those slaves and their descendants who have been manumitted; or African negroes who have never been lawfully subjected to slavery here.

Third—Mulattoes, as intended to be embraced in the 21 article of the 1st section of the Code, chapter 33, or those who, though descended from free white mothers, have one-fourth or more negro blood.

All three of these classes are denied political equality or association with the white race, by our statutes.

14. Alien free negroes or mulattoes are expressly prohibited by statute from coming into this State; and on ten days' notice to leave, may be caught or captured by warrant, and by order of the board of county police, may be sold into slavery for life, for non-compliance.

15. It is the policy of this State to interdict all intercourse, commerce or comity with this race, and to enforce the strictest doctrines of the ancient law applicable to *alien enemies* against them, except as to life or limb, or personal protection.

16. In the absence of laws confirming such rights, the African can neither take nor hold property in this State by deed or devise, by descent or purchase, except those free persons of color who may reside here '*permissi.*'

17. The free negro, even after manumission here, only stands in the position of an alien friend, or enemies '*permissi,*' and is, therefore, only capable of those customary rights which are founded on the *jus naturale*, or *jus gentium.*

18. Free negroes '*prohibiti,*' or who are here in violation of our laws and policy, are entitled to no such rights; they are to be regarded as alien enemies or strangers '*prohibiti,*' and without the pale of comity; incapable of acquiring or maintaining rights of property in this State which will be recognized by our courts.

19. A bequest to a free woman of color, an inhabitant or resident, or citizen of another State, not permitted to reside here by our laws, is void in this State.

From the Dadeville (Alabama) Banner.

LET THOSE REJOICE WHO CAN.

A correspondent, writing for the *Banner* of the 9th instant, under the signature of 'B.' introduced an article from the Boston *Liberator*, an Abolition paper of the darkest shade, to prove that the Democratic party is a pro-slavery party. We here introduce an extract *from the same paper*, and one from the New York *Evening Post*, a Democratic Free-Soil paper, in relation to the late Democratic victory in Virginia. Whether this correspondent will join these papers in a jubilee over the success of the Democratic party and Democratic principles in the Old Dominion, we cannot say, but would like to hear from him on the subject. Here are the extracts:

From the Boston Liberator, May 30, 1859.

ABOLITION VICTORY IN THE SOUTH. The Telegraph informs us of the election of a Virginia Abolitionist to the office of chief magistrate of the Old Dominion. We were not prepared for such cheering news. His majority may be small, but we have abundant cause to rejoice that slaveocracy is on the wane in Virginia, and that so large a portion of her people is imbued with the principles of the early, and best, and purest statesmen. The Governor elect lives among the Scotch-Irish, in the heart of the State, and was the ardent advocate, a few years ago, of the abolition of slavery in Western Virginia.

Alas! alas! for Southern protection, if it is to come from the Democratic party. Virginia, the mother of States—*the mother of slavery and slave States*—the State that has flooded every slave State in the Union with slaves of her own rearing, *has fell* a victim to *National Democracy.* Virginia, once the great bulwark of Southern institutions—the most noble *pillow* in the whole Southern structure—stands, to-day, exhibiting a broken column for the South to weep over.

[☞ This pretended extract from the *Liberator* is an audacious forgery. Nothing of the kind ever appeared in its columns—not a single reference to the Virginia election. We have no doubt that the article attributed to the New York *Evening Post*, (which we need not copy,) is also a base forgery.]—*Ed. Lib.*

From the Cleveland Plaindealer.

OBERLIN CASES NOLLED..HIGHER LAW TRIUMPHANT.

We learn with astonishment that the U. S. District Attorney has nolled the indictments against the Oberlin Rescuers now in jail, on condition that the Oberlinites will nollie the indictments against the Kentucky witnesses who were under arrest on a trumped up charge of kidnapping. This arrangement, we understand, has been made at the solicitation of the four Kentucky gentlemen, who, while under recognition of the U. S. Court to appear here and testify in these Rescue cases, were indicted by an Oberlin Lorain Jury, and arrested while in the discharge of their duties on a false charge of kidnapping. They were thrust into the Lorain county jail, but were subsequently released on bail. A special term of the Lorain County Court was to be held on the 6th inst., to try them, and a Lorain county jury was all in readiness to send them to purgatory or the penitentiary, without any regard to constitutions, courts, or the laws of the land.

An effort was made to get them out of the hands of the Oberlinites by a writ of Habeas Corpus, issued by Judge McLean, but the Sheriff of Lorain hid himself for several days, and the Probate Judge ran away, to prevent the bail from surrendering the prisoners up, so that the writ could take effect, and in this way nullified the law, and sat at defiance that 'Great Writ of Right' which these same Oberlinites have resorted to, and have had the full benefit of, on two occasions since these arrests have been made.

Finding no law in Lorain but the Higher Law, and seeing the determination of Sheriff, Judge and Jury to send them to the Penitentiary any way, for no crime under any human law, but on a charge trumped up on purpose to drive them out of the county, and having been kept away from their families most of the summer, and away from their business, at great pecuniary expense to themselves, (for the Government fees for witnesses do not pay board bills,) they proposed to exchange nollies, and the District Attorney consented to it. So the Government has been beaten at last, with law, justice and facts all on its side, and Oberlin, with its rebellious Higher Law creed, is triumphant.

The precedent is a bad one. All these factionists have to do in the future, whenever any of their number is arrested for the violation of our statute law, is to pay no regard to the writs of the lower law courts; but threaten the witnesses with the terrors of their own inquisition, and enforce the penalties of the higher law. This is Mormonism, with Prof. Peck acting the part of Brigham Young, and it will have to be put down, as Mormonism has been, by the strong arm of military power.

There will now be some unearthly shoutings by these triumphant myrmidons of Mormonism. Oberlin will blaze in her new-won glory, and Te Deums will be sung in all her churches. There will be a great accession to her calendar of saints. Those immortal men, who, armed with muskets, mobbed the United States officials, while in the discharge of their sworn duties, will now be canonized, instead of cannonaded, and Saint Peck will be listed with Saint Peter, and as worthy to hold the keys of Paradise.

THE LAST OF THE RESCUERS.

Bushnell, the last of the rescuers, left town to-day in a cloud of darkies, dust, and damaged divinities, with a band of music in front and a file of rag, tag and bob-tail in rear. He goes to Oberlin, where an ovation awaits him. Artillery Company A., Capt. Williams, left this morning at daylight, with their brass baby-waker, as an avant courier of his coming. His triumphal entry will be made amid the roar of artillery, the blaze of beauty,

'From snowy white to sooty,'

and the shouts and huzzas of a multitude which no man can number, all for the glory of rescuing a nigger, and a nigger, too, that from his depraved habits had become a pauper charge upon the people of Oberlin. Great country!—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

SELECTIONS.

BURYING 'SAMBO.'

Some time ago, certain gentlemen in New York devised a plan to 'bury Sambo,' as one of their friends expressed it; or to have the country 'forbear further discussion on the subject of slavery,' to use their own expression. They were not imposing in numbers, nor strong in political influence; but were very respectable, and they felt sure of the approval of a few like-minded men in various parts of the country. The real purpose of this movement was to raise from the dead the Whig party, and by this means, cause the Republican party to dissolve and disappear like mist before the rising sun. It was a magnificent project, which those concerned held to be entirely practicable. They organized a committee, and undertook an extensive correspondence; without much avail, however, for their zeal was not as well directed as it might have been.

These gentlemen would doubtless consider themselves misused, if they should be denounced as demagogues; but we do not see that they have any claim whatever to superiority over those politicians who usually deserve this appellation. They are about as far as men can be from disinterestedness, for the great purpose of their movement was to rescue themselves from political non-entity. They have an irrepressible passion for political prominence and leadership, and yet they find themselves without influence, and of but little consequence, save in their own estimation. This obscurity, which they cannot bear with such saintly patience as might soften and charm the callous multitude, they attribute entirely to the slavery question. And it is their confident belief that it would cease entirely, and give them a chance to burst upon the world with all the ascending magnificence of rising suns, if it could be made impossible for men to discuss the slavery question. This is one of the most remarkable delusions of the present day; and yet, those who cherish it have the coolness to deny that they bear any likeness whatever to that notable race, the demagogues.

The gentlemen to whom we refer are so intent on their own affairs, so entirely monopolized by the schemes and longings of personal ambition, that they cannot comprehend the slavery question. They never look at it seriously, with the eyes of just and earnest men, but treat it merely as an impertinent political contrivance, which can at once be flung aside and forgotten with the utmost ease; and herein all other men but themselves can see very clearly why they are, politically, so insignificant. They make it plain to the whole world that they are incapable of understanding and dealing with the great question of their time—a question which takes hold of the great principles that underlie our institutions, and involves the old struggle between light and darkness,—a question which is forced upon us by the nature of things, which is discussed because the discussion cannot possibly be avoided, and which wise men will pursue to a just settlement, without consenting, for a moment, to bequeath it as unfinished business to the next generation.

In some of the letters addressed to that New York Committee, in reply to their circular, we find remarkable expressions of opinion (we should perhaps say want of opinion) in regard to the re-opening of the slave trade. One of the letter-writers says he fears this trade may be re-opened by means of the disastrous influence of strongly expressed objections to it. His view of the matter is, that slavery propagandists and slave traders are very innocent and harmless creatures, so long as their conduct is not criticised; but the moment you denounce their deviltry, they become devils. They do not love wickedness; but, if you denounce any great crime against human rights, they are sure to show themselves guilty of that crime! Therefore, he thinks, we should all become silent as the grave in regard to the African slave trade, else it will be suddenly re-opened to the disgrace of the country; and re-opened, not because anybody desires it, but to spite those who call it piracy. Yet, this gentleman regards himself as a statesman of eminent wisdom and ability! And more; he really cherishes a comfortable belief that others regard him as a statesman. Self-conceit is a wonderful magician.

If this gentleman had been carefully observant of events, he would know that it is now several years since the slave trade was re-opened between Africa and the United States. In Georgia, Mississippi, and some of the other extreme Southern States, they have a class of slaves known as 'new negroes.' Several years ago, they had become sufficiently numerous to constitute a noticeable class. When the New School Presbyterian General Assembly met at Cleveland, a few years since, there was an elaborate discussion of the slavery question, in which a Dr. Ross spoke for slavery at great length and with much eloquence. In his speeches on that occasion, he eulogized slavers as a missionary institution; and, for illustration, he drew a lively contrast between the barbarous ways of the 'new negroes' and the more civilized habits of those born and bred in slavery. Of course, there were then many of these 'new negroes' in the country, and he, a southern clergyman, was well aware of the fact. Of late, those engaged in this piracy have taken great pains to force it upon public attention. Political reasons have induced them to parade their rascality before the public. They have intended to show us that pirates of their sort cannot be convicted and punished in a slave State; and also, that they mean to secure a repeal of the laws against the slave trade. One can hardly refrain from suspecting either the honesty or the sanity of men like the letter writer to whom we refer. True, he is of no political consequence whatever; but he furnishes a capital study of human nature.

It is not possible for such men to meet the great want of the time; and to propose them as leaders of the party which is commissioned to redeem the government from this slave power, is to propose such outrageous folly as we do not ordinarily encounter outside of Bedlam.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

RELEASE OF THE OBERLIN RESCUERS.

As we have already stated, the Oberlin rescuers were all released from imprisonment at Cleveland, on the 9th instant, the government entering the plea of *nolo contendere.* Of the discharge of the rescuers, and also of the kidnappers, the Cleveland *Leader* says:

'The attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave act on the Western Reserve by government officials for political effect, has resulted in a most disastrous defeat of the projectors, and of the whole scheme.

Never were a set of men worse used than have been Jennings, Bacon and Mitchell, the Kentucky slaveowners and slave-catchers who tried to seize a negro in Oberlin, by the government officials who sought to make a good thing of it for themselves and for Democracy. The prosecutions were commenced without the knowledge or consent of those who claimed to have even a running interest in John, and they have been obliged to leave their homes repeatedly at the call of these officials, for the purpose of working the conviction of the objects of their political hatred and unrelenting persecution.

The men released yesterday were Messrs. H. E. Peck, Ralph Plumb, J. M. Fitch, John Watson, J. H. Scott, James Bartlett, David Watson, Henry Evans, William Evans, A. W. Lyman, Richard Windsor and W. E. Lincoln.

Dr. Bois, who is out on bail, and all the rescuers who were indicted but not arrested, were included in the *nolle prosequi.*

Mr. Bushnell is still in jail, serving out his unjust sentence. His time will expire on Saturday next. Mr. Langston was set at liberty, by expiration of sentence, some time ago.

Just as the rescuers were leaving for their homes, they stepped into the parlor of the jail, where were present their attorneys, Messrs. R. P. Spalding, A. G. Riddle, F. T. Backus, S. O. Griswold, Sheriff D. L. Wightman, Jailor J. B. Smith, H. R. Smith, who had rendered the rescuers repeated service, with their wives and numerous friends, when Mr. Plumb, in behalf of the prisoners, presented the ladies, for their husbands, each a beautiful silver napkin-ring, fork and spoon, engraved with the initials of their husbands, and 'From Rescuers;' 'Matthew, 25 36.'

Mr. Plumb, in a brief and happy vein, said that the prisoners, though poor, were desirous of presenting to them a small remembrancer, in token of the high regard in which they hold them, and in acknowledgment of the valuable services they had rendered them during their imprisonment—to their counsel for legal aid, and to the others for services scarcely less valuable. And he wished to request their wives to place the gift before their husbands, at meals, three times a day while they lived, that they might, at such times, when surrounded by their families and those dear to them, when noble and generous feelings were sure to come, look upon the memento, and remember the exciting scenes through which they had just passed—that although they were intended for their husbands, like all other dear things, they would be in the keeping of the ladies.

Judge Spalding replied in behalf of the ladies and others, in a few eloquent and appropriate remarks. Mr. Peck remarked that a portion of the first hour in jail had been spent in imploring the blessing of God, and it would be consonant with their feelings to spend the last moments in thanksgiving to their protector and preserver of themselves and families, and the Good Deliverer who had been their hope and support during the many days and nights of their confinement.

The news spread rapidly that the government officials had *caved.* Hundreds immediately called on the company to tender their congratulations. In the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, a hundred guns were fired, and several hundreds of our citizens gathered at the jail to escort the rescuers to the depot. At 6 o'clock, the whole company, headed by Hecker's Band, marched two and two to the depot, through Superior and Water streets, the band playing 'Hail Columbia,' 'Hail to the Chief,' 'Yankee Doodle,' &c. On arriving at the depot, three stentorian cheers were given with a good will for the rescuers, when Judge Brayton of Newburgh was called upon for a speech, which he gave in his vivid and eloquent style. After this the company bade farewell to their friends, and took their seats in the cars, and the train started amidst the hurrahs of the people, the band playing that peculiarly appropriate air for the occasion, 'Home, Sweet Home.' Thus has ended the great Oberlin Rescue Case.

The people of Oberlin were making preparations to receive the rescuers yesterday afternoon. We doubt not that the returned husbands, fathers, brothers and sons, will have received a welcome such as the warm-hearted people of Oberlin know how to give.'

The Cleveland *Herald* notices the affair as follows

'We knew some weeks since that a proposition had been made by some of the Federal officials to some of the outside friends of the Oberlin rescuers, that the Oberlin men should enter the fashionable plea of *nolo contendere,* receive the mild fine of $20 each, pay the costs, and in consideration of this *grace,* the prosecution for kidnapping should be abandoned. The offer was indignantly spurned. Another proposition, on the arrival of the Kentucky men, was made. Of course, the Oberlin rescuers no way can control their own cases here, nor the case of the kidnappers in Lorain. If the Federal District Attorney sees fit to enter *nolle* in each of their cases, they cannot object. They have constantly asked a speedy trial, they have been imprisoned from sixty to ninety days awaiting a trial, and now they are ready for trial; but if District Attorney Belden says 'go home, you shall have no trial, your indictments are *nolled,*' of course they must obey.

All this shows the virtue of self-respect. The State of Ohio had rights, and Lorain county was determined those rights should be respected. This has put an end to nigger-catching in Northern Ohio.

We are informed that this morning (the 6th) the indictment against Jennings, Mitchell, Lowe and Davis, in Lorain, has been *nolled,* and the defendants discharged.

The Oberlin gentlemen, so well known as the 'Rescuers,' have also been turned out of jail. The government has abandoned the prosecution in their cases, and they will be with their friends at home before all our city readers will have perused this paper.

From the Cleveland Leader, July 13.

THE OBERLIN RESCUERS AT HOME.

Enthusiastic Reception — Speeches and Spirit of the Joyous Occasion — Oberlin not 'Subdued.'

OBERLIN, July 7, 1859.

EDITOR OF LEADER:

You left the 'Political Prisoners' at the Depot, and gave them your hearty congratulation as they pursued their way 'home again,' amid the roar of cannon, the peals of martial music, and the echoing shouts which came from a multitude of earnest friends of freedom. You heard Judge Brayton's eloquent speech in congratulation of the 'prisoners,' their friends, and the nation; and then 'you missed it' that you turned again to your labor and your sanctum. If you ever get an adequate idea of the glorious reception which awaited these humble and persecuted, but now famous friends of freedom on their arrival at Oberlin—despised, persecuted Oberlin—you will regret, to your dying day, that you had not 'been there to see.'

The wives of Peck, Plumb, Fitch and Watson met the company at Grafton, and here arose the first shout that was, in twenty minutes more, to be taken up, and borne along as 'the sound of many waters, and the roar of mighty thunderings.' If the conquerors of the old world have at any time had a more numerous reception, not one of them ever had a reception half so hearty as greeted these 'saints and sub saints' on their arrival at their beloved Oberlin. The entire town was out to greet them. A sea of heads could be seen extending for a long distance on both sides of the track. Youth and beauty vied with men of venerable age, in their endeavors to catch a glimpse of these but recently contemptible, these reviled and abused men; and when they alighted from the cars, the heavens rang again with the united and prolonged huzzas of more than *three thousand* persons, who, though styled 'fanatics,' were not a whit behind the brightest ornaments of our country, in intelligence, purity, patriotism, and every excellence of which a nation should be proud. Joy beamed in every eye. Exultation marked every movement, and enthusiasm burst from every lip.

The eloquent Prof. Monroe was called out, and from the platform pronounced the following eloquent and thrilling speech in welcome of the prisoners:

PROF. MONROE'S SPEECH AT THE CARS.

MY FRIENDS:—In behalf of this vast assembly, I am requested to express, in a word, the unqualified satisfaction, the heartfelt joy which we feel, on welcoming you once more to the bosom of this community and to your homes. From that sad day when you left us to the present time, we have never, for a moment, ceased longing for the sight of your faces among us, whenever you could return consistently with duty; and to-night we are glad, from the very bottom of our hearts, that that time has come. We rejoice, not only because you have come back to us, but also because you have come without the shadow of a stain upon that strict integrity which it is the duty and the privilege of a Christian Anti-Slavery man to cherish. You have made no compromises with slavery. There has been no bowing down of the body, no bending of the knee. Erect, as God made you, you went into prison; erect, as God made you, you have come out of prison. Welcome! then, once more, to Oberlin. In behalf of this assembly, in behalf of Oberlin, in behalf of Lorain county, welcome! thrice welcome! friends of Liberty!

The procession then formed, with Father Keep and Father Gillett (Matthew Johnson will remember him) in advance, and the vast throng, with banners flying, moved to the stirring music of the Oberlin Band, towards the great Church. As the 'prisoners' marched up the path towards the noble edifice, the fire companies, dressed in uniform, opened to right and left, and with heads uncovered, received the 'Rescuers,' with a right hearty greeting. The vast building was in a moment crowded to its utmost capacity. Scarcely less than three thousand persons were crowded within its walls. Here was such a scene for a painter as I cannot now describe. Not less than eighteen hundred of this great audience were young men and women. It was a grand and cheering sight. As the prisoners walked up the aisle, each was presented by some fair hand with a beautiful wreath, and boquets and flowers danced and sparkled in all directions. The pulpit was elegantly decorated, and all the 'Rescuers,' with many of their friends, were seated in the rostrum. The venerable Father Gillett, the kind-hearted but firm and manly Sheriff Wightman, and the genial and generous H. R. Smith, were among those who occupied the stand. The great organ opened with the most enlivening strains, and a glorious choir of one hundred and twenty-five choice singers poured forth a flood of song, which rolled over the vast congregation and away through the town, like waves of heavenly melody.

The venerable Father Keep (may he live forever!) took the chair at precisely 8 o'clock.

Father Keep opened the exercises by an impressive prayer to that God who will 'cause the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain,' and then addressed the meeting in the following impressive words:—

Christian Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

I devoutly congratulate you that our brethren, heroic men, persecuted for righteousness' sake, have now returned to our bosoms. On their countenances we, indeed, trace indications of a severe mental conflict; but, likewise, the divine favor in their personal vigor and health,—and, in the flash of

their eye, the spirit and purpose of men whom, in such a warfare, tyrants cannot subdue. In your behalf I tender them a cordial and joyous welcome, and in your name I assure them that they are now especially endeared to us all.

But, beloved sufferers, this welcome is not intended to cover the fact that you have come to us jail birds. You must ever bear this appellation. It, however, comforts us, and it must cheer you to know, that you have earned the title after the example of the Prophets and Apostles, having been imprisoned for the act of witnessing for *the truth as it is in Jesus*.

In your persons, at this joyous interview, we thus publicly acknowledge the gift of God in answer to prayer. In all your confinement, our sympathies for you have been a deep flowing current. We have felt called of God to the special mission of prayer in your behalf. In the daily reports of your persistency in the '*Right*,' we have received the rich, sustaining answer to our prayer. We have been also strengthened and comforted to know that this sympathy is next to universal in the country. The press has given it voice. Its breath, to you in prison, to us in our watchings, has discoursed music along the telegraphic wires.

We have felt honored that you have so faithfully represented the moral sentiment of this community, and of our fondly cherished college. Your firmness in this crisis has sharply admonished us for our sluggishness in the present conflict for Liberty, and what is more, for our lack of moral courage; and still more, the obtuseness of that moral sense in men which counselled compromise.

In your imprisonment, you have nobly represented a *great principle*. The Divine Law supreme, everywhere. Human enactments subordinate. Thus you have stood before the country the intelligent, sagacious, unflinching friends of human freedom.

Your testimony will live, a permanent record in history—a memorial to present your names to the undying recognition of an approving posterity.

We thank you for you wisdom and firmness in the rejection of all compromise between right and wrong. In this whole movement, your instructive and impressive example is before the country as a model for Church and for State. God has given you the spirit and the courage for the crisis. Your reward is before you, and sure.

Let Politicians, Statesmen and Christians but follow this example, and our own Ohio shall be *free*—personal rights will be held as sacred, and be sustained. *Our country shall be free!*

The Hon. Ralph Plumb was next called for. He came forward amid immense and prolonged cheering, and said:—

What a scene here greets the eye! This vast multitude—the whole population almost of this usually quiet village, filling every niche of this vast edifice with joyous countenances and glad hearts—are before us; and for what do they come?

They come to welcome us, their neighbors—their husbands, fathers and brothers—back to this community—to our dear families and our sweet homes! They come, too, to learn not only that we, their representatives, have been released from the prison walls that for eighty-five days have confined us, but to learn also whether this enlargement, so valuable to us and to them, has been purchased at the cost of one iota of principle, or one grain of self-respect.

Fellow-citizens, it gives me great pleasure to assure you that the band of Rescuers whom you greet, stand before you to-night, with yourselves breathing the free air once more of free Oberlin, without having in the least degree compromised themselves or you.

Nay, permit me to go farther, and say, that the officers of Lorain County, to whom the government pursuers proposed the entering of *nolles* in the cases, have throughout maintained the honor and the dignity of Lorain, so that we and they stand before you without having yielded dishonorably to any exaction of those who sought to humble us, and destroy the principle so clearly apprehended by your intellects, and so warmly cherished in your hearts.

Fellow-citizens, it is meet that your rejoicings should be without restraint, for the victory has been complete. (Prolonged cheering.)

Prof. H. E. Peck next came forward, and was received with such a hearty greeting, with such enthusiastic and prolonged cheering, as we never before witnessed, and never expect to hear again. The Professor, after long waiting for the resounding waves and the mighty thunderings to die away, addressed the audience in the following eloquent speech:—

An event like this is surely a marked occasion in one's life. It constitutes for him a stand-point from which his mental vision can take a wide reach, both backward and forward.

In the months of trial now brought to a happy close, it has been the lot of myself and my associates to be called upon to make, in behalf of the cause of God and Humanity, frequent and practical surrenders of things dear to us. And in every case, the thing surrendered has been more than restored to us. We have offered health, and even life, upon the altar of duty. The sacrifice has been restored to us in the consciousness we have had, that our lives were being used to good purpose, and that, in the privilege of looking iniquity 'framed into law' in the face, without quailing or faltering, we were being amply paid for our self-sacrifice. We have surrendered home, with its daily comforts and constantly renewing endearments. But home and kindred—wives and children—have never before been so dear, and have never before so stirred our best affections and kindled our tenderest delights, as while we were making the sacrifice of them. We have given up our usual associations, have separated ourselves from you whom we love so well. And yet we have found, in our isolation, closer affinities, warmer spiritual fellowship than we ever knew before. Never before, dear friends, have *you* been so near and precious to us as you have been while we were consenting to be separated from you.

So, in all respects, the words of our Lord which I have recited have proved to be true.

Let me and my associates, let this great multitude, let our hundreds of young people remember always that he who is willing to lose his life for the truth's or Christ's sake, shall surely find it. Let no fear of consequences ever persuade any of us to draw back from any consecration which a good cause may require.

Before I take my seat, let me add, in such discursive method as I may choose to follow, one or two statements respecting our circumstances while in prison.

First, let me certify to you that we have enjoyed the comforts of religion. The spirit of God has been with us in our seasons of private devotion and social worship. The Word of God has been both open and illuminated to us, and its rich promises have cheered us abundantly. When taunting enemies have crowded about us, the Saviour, who preceded us at the bar of unrighteous judgment, has presented himself to assure us that He who was for us was more than they who were against us, and in every dark hour the assurance that Jehovah reigns has made our hearts rejoice.

In the next place, let me gratefully acknowledge the fact that we have been favored with earnest and continued sympathy and approval from steadfast friends. If the tide of *popular* sympathy has ceased at times to ebb, the regard and practical approval of thoughtful, Christian men have risen to the last hour. Not a breeze has blown from east, or west, or north, or even south, without bringing the tidings that wise and good men were taking up our cause, and remembering it in a practical way. The incidents of the single hour which followed the coming of our mail, on the last day of our stay in prison, illustrated the fact that sympathy for us was at once widely extended and profound. A modest letter from a member of the Society of Friends, residing in Philadelphia, whose family name is honored in the annals of Christian resistance to federal tyranny, brought us with words of cheer a check for one hundred dollars. And while our eyes were yet moist with gratitude for the thoughtfulness of our benefactor, a citizen of Cleveland, distinguished for his years and his standing as a Christian, and a member of society, not less than for his wealth, came in, and after handing us a donation which exceeded all but one of the many gifts we had received, blessed us for what we had done, and assured us that God had made us the ministers of abundant good. And to prove how widely the influence of our struggle with oppression had reached, he rehearsed a recent conversation with the venerable Dr. Nott, of Union College, in which the now almost dying sage had tenderly spoken of us, and had expressed the hope that our firmness would stay the progress of tyranny towards the overthrow of our liberties.

Thus have wise and Christian men remembered us to the end. And in the sympathy we have enjoyed, we have had abundant proof that the Christian anti-slavery element of society is at length stirred, and that the change in public affairs which must follow this quickening is close at hand.

And now, friends, to all the blessings which Heaven has sent us, has been kindly added this greeting. Surely our cup runs over with good things, and long will it be before we forget the mercies which, in our imprisonment and in our release, we have been and are permitted to enjoy.

After the Professor had closed his remarks, the cheering was renewed. Such cheering it was good to hear. It was only equalled by the grand performance of the great organ and choir which followed. The Marseilles Hymn was then sung, as, we were about to say, that choir only can sing it, and then J. M. Fitch was called for, and was received with a cordial welcome which must have been gratifying to any man. He gave a brief history of their imprisonment, and recited several lessons which they had learned in the bitter school of experience. They were conscious of having acted rightly, and he should look back upon the events of the last three months, spent with his fellow-prisoners, with feelings of satisfaction, in being able, under Providence, to so conduct himself as not to bring reproach upon the cause they had aimed to vindicate.

He was followed by John Watson, who spoke with much earnestness, declaring his firm determination to aid the oppressed slave on every occasion and under all circumstances.

Prof. Monroe said it might be interesting to learn how the writs of habeas corpus were *not* served in Lorain, and called on R. G. Horr, Esq., of Elyria, who gave a very amusing account of the tribulations of the officers and their Kentucky friends, in attempting to surrender them to the Lorain County officers.

Wm. E. Lincoln and John H. Scott were next called upon, who responded briefly, after which Henry Evans spoke with much apparent emotion of the necessity of vigilant action in guarding the citadel of Liberty from the incursions of its enemies.

He was followed by R. Windsor, who thanked his friends for their hearty welcome; after which, A. W. Lyman spoke with much earnestness in justification of their conduct, and made a stirring appeal to the friends of Republicanism to bear unsullied the standard placed in their hands.

Loud calls were made for Sheriff Burr, who was fairly forced upon the stand, and who responded briefly, explaining his connection with the kidnappers and their official friends in Elyria.

Sheriff Wightman of Cuyahoga was loudly called for, and in response spoke at some length of his connection with the persons under his care, paying them the highest compliments for the uniform and almost fatherly kindness with which he had ever been treated by them. He should ever remember them as friends, whose acquaintance, formed under circumstances of affliction, had caused him many happy hours while contributing to their comfort, and many feelings of sympathy while listening to a recital of their wrongs. He cordially invited them and their friends to make his house their home when they pleased, assuring them that he had the deepest sympathy with the cause of the slave, and the oppressed everywhere.

George G. Washburn, of the Elyria *Democrat*, was next called to the stand. He had watched with deep solicitude the events connected with the prosecutions which had just been abandoned by the Government, and although at times the future looked dark and gloomy, he had come here to rejoice that a glorious day had dawned upon our cause. He felt it was well the blow had fallen where it did—upon a community who had the boldness to meet it, and the discretion to act in such a manner as to result in the triumph they had met to rejoice over. He urged the friends of the slave to make a city of refuge for the oppressed in every township, and to permit no slave-hunter to enter, if in pursuit of his victim.

At the conclusion of Mr. Washburn's speech, Prof. Monroe happily alluded to the fact that they had been addressed by honest men of various pursuits. There was an honest carpenter, shoemaker, professor in college, editor (strange as it may seem) and lawyer (still more wonderful)—but a stranger man than all was before them—an honest Postmaster! He, therefore, introduced Mr. John Smith, jr., jailer at Cleveland, and postmaster for the rescue prisoners.

Mr. Smith took the stand, and explained in a very happy manner the connection he had in the Post Office Department, saying that if his services had been of any value to the prisoners, in visiting the post office for them, they had afforded him much sincere pleasure in being able to contribute to their aid and comfort.

Father Gillett, who was long since sent home, because the Government was ashamed to prosecute so venerable a patriot, was called out, and made a speech which was received with unbounded enthusiasm.

During the evening, a collection was taken up for the relief of the prisoners, and the choir sang with thrilling effect The Marseilles.

Several of the speakers alluded to their fellow-prisoner, Bushnell, who still had a few days to remain in jail, and promised him a hearty welcome when he returned again to his home.

It was now a quarter to 12, and still the immense audience, filling the church to its utmost capacity, remained without the appearance of fatigue. A prayer was then offered by Professor Morgan, and the meeting then closed by singing the Doxology, in which all the congregation joined.

HOW THE LIBERATION WAS EFFECTED.

☞ The following correspondence, just handed us by the District Attorney, explains how the matter was compromised, and the liberation of all the parties effected:—

HON. GEO. W. BELDEN,
U. S. Dist. Att'y for the Northern District of Ohio:

SIR—The undersigned, believing that the conditions already had in the prosecutions for the rescue of the boy John are a sufficient vindication of the law; and, in view of the fact that a large portion of us are residents of another State, and are remaining here at very great personal inconvenience and sacrifice; and of the further fact, that the authorities having charge of the indictments pending in the Court of Common Pleas of Lorain county, against us, are willing to dismiss the same, upon condition that those pending against Peck, Plum and others, in the District Court of the United States, are not further prosecuted, we therefore suggest these facts, and respectfully ask that you will, with the consent of the Court, enter a *nolle prosequi*, in each of the indictments referred to, now pending in the said District Court of the United States. This course will relieve us from great trouble, anxiety and expense, and not, as we conceive, compromit, in the least, the perfect vindication of the laws of Congress already accomplished in the convictions above referred to.

It is proper to inform you, that this arrangement is made with the explicit and distinct understanding, that the civil remedies, in which we, or Mr. Bacon, the owner of the boy John, may be entitled, are in no respect interfered with or impaired; and it is also due to us to say, that we made every reasonable exertion to surrender ourselves to the authorities of Lorain county, with the view of having the writ of *habeas corpus*, issued by one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, executed upon us, that the matters charged against us might be fairly, impartially and clearly heard, but were defeated in this purpose by the intentional absence of the officers of law authorized to take the surrender, and receive service of the writ.

Very respectfully,
A. D. JENNINGS,
J. K. LOWE,
SAMUEL DAVIS,
R. P. MITCHELL.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 5, 1859.

HON. G. W. BELDEN, *U. S. Dist. Att'y:*

SIR—Under our counsel and advice, Messrs. Jennings, Mitchell, Lowe, &c., have agreed with the State officers having charge of the prosecution against them, in consideration of their dismissal in the Lorain Court, to ask you to enter, with the consent of the court, a *nolle prosequi*, in the cases pending against Plumb, Peck and others, in the District Court of the United States. The Constitution and laws of Congress relating to fugitive slaves have had a just and righteous vindication in the conviction of a portion of the rescuers, after a fair and impartial trial by a jury selected from the body of the citizens of the Northern District of your State, and by the voluntary plea of guilty, by others, and their punishment by the Court. As Kentuckians, this is all we could ask at your hands. The parties yet under indictment have been imprisoned already for a longer period than they would perhaps have been, if convicted: and there appearing to be no important reason, under all the circumstances, why they should be proceeded against, we earnestly unite with Messrs. Jennings, &c., in the above request. Mr. Bacon reserving to himself all the civil remedies to which he is entitled. Most cordially thanking you and your colleague for the fidelity, firmness and patriotism which have characterized your conduct, in these unpleasant prosecutions, we have the honor to be

Your obedient servants,
R. H. STANTON,
ROBT. A. COCHRAN,
JOHN C. BACON.

Cleveland, July 5, 1859.

CLEVELAND, O., July 6, 1859.

It is due to the Hon. G. W. Belden and other officers of the United States Government, to say that he nor either of them had any agency whatever, either directly or indirectly, in originating or perfecting the settlement agreed upon between Messrs. Jennings and others, and the Attorneys engaged in the prosecution of the indictments in Lorain county against them. Whatever responsibility is attached to the agreement or settlement belongs to Messrs. Jennings, &c., and to us as the friends and Attorneys of the parties, and to none others.

R. H. STANTON,
D. K. CARTER.

The Nolles have been entered, and all parties are now at liberty. Here endeth the first lesson.

THE RESCUERS' RESOLVES.

At a full meeting of the 'Oberlin Rescue Company,' held in Cuyahoga County Jail immediately after their discharge from custody, it was unanimously

Resolved, That as we take leave of the prison in which we have been confined for the last three months, we cannot refuse to ourselves the privilege of giving public expression of our gratitude to God, who has been our constant keeper, and who, as we have passed through sore difficulties and trials, has well fulfilled the promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.'

We also return thanks to Sheriff Wightman, and Jailor Smith and family, whose kindness has greatly mitigated our troubles; and to the Attorneys who have nobly defended our cause; to the friends, far and near, who by prayer and act have remembered us, and to that portion of the Press which has given us constant and valuable aid.

Resolved, That after all the pains and penalties inflicted upon us by Government Officials in the attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Act, we feel it to be our duty to say, that our hatred and opposition to that unjust and unconstitutional Law is more intense than ever before.

No fine or imprisonment, however enforced, by whatever Court, can induce us to yield it obedience. We will hereafter, as we have heretofore, help the panting fugitive to escape from those who would enslave him, whatever may be the authority under which they may act.

Resolved, That, in our opinion, when duties enjoined by the Word of God, and illustrated in the example of Christ, are punished in our country as *crimes*, it becomes all loyal citizens to ask themselves whether they have not lost the substance of their libertics, and whether they should not use instant and earnest endeavors to recover the rights which they have lost.

Resolved, That, for the sake of Liberty, Justice and Right, we rejoice that the recent decision of our Supreme Court, affirming the constitutionality of the Fugitive Slave Act, has already met with public rebuke, and that we exhort the people of Ohio to protest against that decision until, by a reversal of it, the lost dignity and sovereignty of our noble commonwealth shall be restored to her.

Resolved, That we furnish a copy of the above resolutions to the *Daily Morning Leader* for publication.

J. M. FITCH, *Chairman.*
S. M. BUSHNELL, *Secretary.*
Cuyahoga Co. Jail, Cleveland, O., July 6, 1859.

From the Cleveland Leader, July 13.

BUSHNELL AT HOME.

The Oberlin Demonstration.

Yesterday was a proud day for the 'Oberlin and Wellington Rescuers.' Previous notice had been given that Bushnell, the last of the jail confined 'Rescuers' and 'Felons,' was to proceed to his home in Oberlin; and as the hour approached for his departure from the stone castle where for so many weeks he had been confined, an immense crowd gathered in and about the jail to see him off. Both jail and yard were densely crowded with the friends of the prisoner. Mr. John F. Warner was endowed by the sheriff with the power of Marshal, and under his guidance the procession was formed, headed by a guard of colored men with a banner inscribed 'Oberlin and Wellington Rescuers.'

Then followed the Chaplain, (Rev. J. C. WHITE,) followed by the Hecker Band in full uniform, discoursing lively and spirited national airs. Then came a long line of friends on foot, followed by Mr. Bushnell in a carriage with his baggage; he was accompanied by the ladies of Sheriff Wightman's family. Several other carriages followed, decorated with banners and flags. A great crowd followed the procession to the depot where there was gathered an immense crowd who welcomed the hero of the occasion with hearty cheers.

At 11:25 the train, with six crowded coaches, left the depot, the band playing national airs as they commenced the journey. On reaching Oberlin, the guns of Artillery Co. A. Capt. W. R. Simmons, who had gone to that place on the early train, spoke forth in booming notes of welcome and triumph. That Company, with the Oberlin Hook and Ladder and Engine Companies, was drawn up to receive the Clevelanders. Besides these, there were thousands of the Lorain citizens ready to grasp their fellow-citizens by the hand. One banner which they carried was curious and noticeable. An immense horn, labelled 'U. S. District Court,' was the principal feature, the 'Rescuers' issuing from the large end, while from the little end of the horn the Officials were crawling out upon the 'Democratic platform,' at which one was grinding at 'Public Opinion.' At a little distance from the Rescuers were friends who greeted them with, 'Well done, good and faithful servants.' Besides these there was a pair of scales, with 'Higher Law' going down in one scale, while 'U. S. Laws' were flying up, being weighed in the balances and found wanting. It was expressive.

On leaving the cars, Judge Spalding said to the crowd, 'My friends, Bushnell had no regrets to express that he had aided in rescuing the boy John; we have no regrets to express that he has been imprisoned.'

Mr. BUSHNELL was then welcomed home by Prof. FAIRCHILD, nearly as follows:

Mr. BUSHNELL—We proudly welcome you to the home which you have heretofore honored; we welcome you heartily; we are not ashamed of you or your conduct. When you returned with the boy John from Wellington, we were not ashamed of you; when you were seized and dragged to Cleveland to be tried before a packed jury for committing a God-like deed, we were not ashamed of you; we now bid you welcome to your home, and how sincere this welcome is, let the cheers of these 5000 assembled citizens of Oberlin and Lorain reply. (Three hearty cheers.)

But we should do you and ourselves injustice, were this welcome the only object for which we have met. We wish, too, to pay a tribute to the act for which you have suffered. You went forth nobly to rescue a fellow-man, and violated no laws of God, but merely a base execution of man, to which only two Senators from the North could be brought to vote. How long we shall follow your example, we will not now tell; we will submit to that law only so long as we lack the moral, political, and physical power to resist. We belong to no new school, but to that which, in our Fathers' time, announced that 'Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God,'—or that more ancient one which said, 'Whether we ought to obey God rather than man, judge ye,'—or that still more ancient one which said, 'We will NOT bow down and worship the golden image.'

Three more cheers were then given, when the procession, headed by the Wellington Sax Horn Band, and including the Artillery, Fire Companies, the Elyria Band, the 'Rescuers,' visitors, &c., marched to the immense church, which was most densely crowded with thousands of the best citizens of Lorain county and vicinity. The spacious galleries of the church presented a beautiful spectacle, being almost entirely filled with the ladies of the College and neighborhood. These ladies held a prominent banner inscribed:

THE LADIES.
600
WELCOME YOU,
Thrice Welcome.
GREETING.

Such a beautiful sight as those galleries presented one seldom sees. The fair and blooming young ladies who yesterday filled those seats formed an exhibition surpassed nowhere 'on this terrestrial ball.'

A large choir of ladies and gentlemen occupied the front of the gallery, and by their execution added greatly to the interest of the occasion. The speakers and reporters occupied the pulpit.

Prof. MONROE opened the exercises at half-past one o'clock by calling upon the venerable Father KEEP to open with prayer, which he did in an eloquent and stirring appeal to the God of heaven for his blessing upon the meeting, and rendering heartfelt thanks and gratitude for the blessings which had been poured forth on the 'Rescuers,' and enabled them to go through that trying ordeal and despotic rule.

Prof. MONROE, as Chairman, first called upon Hon. D. K. CARTTER, who responded in his usual offhand, sarcastic and impetuous manner.

The speech was followed by singing by the choir of a magnificent quartette and chorus, entitled 'The Gathering of the Free,' by George N. Allen:—

O, weep, sons of freedom, your honor lies low,
'Tis weeping on Liberty's desolate fane;
They whom you have rescued have bowed to the foe—
Oppression has vanquished your country again.
But, lo! gleaming hosts,
'Tis the gathering of the free;
With the shout surging on,
Like a swell of the foaming sea.
On then, as one, let us conquer or die,
For God, the Slave, and Liberty!—
From mount and from valley, from cot and from dome
A host of the free we come, we come!
Our banner waves for truth and right,
Our watchword 'Liberty.'
Our arms are peace, and love, and light—
Then on to victory!

This was most splendidly performed by the choir, setting every heart beating with exultation and sympathy.

A. G. RIDDLE, Esq., was then called upon, and rehearsed with hearty eloquence the history of the trial and incarceration of those who had so long felt the force of a tyrant's prison. At one point the speaker brought Bushnell up to the stand, who was greeted with rousing cheers.

At the close of Mr. RIDDLE's remarks, which were heartily cheered, the Hecker band gave some of their unsurpassed music. After which Hon. R. P. SPALDING was introduced to the audience as the man who, when he was on the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, announced publicly that should a fugitive slave be brought before him, he would set him free. He was received with cheers, and remarked,

When BUSHNELL was asked by the Judge if he had any regrets to express for his conduct, how would he have leapt from his seat and shouted, 'No, sir'ee,' could he have looked forward to this proud day when 3,000 citizens assemble to bid him welcome! The speaker gave a high tribute to the character of Father Gillett, who told him at Cleveland that should *he* plead 'nolle contendere,' his sons at home should shut the door against him. The speaker then gave a history of slavery from the fifteenth century to the present time, with appropriate and earnest comments.

Mr. BUSHNELL was then brought up to the stand. The applause and cheers that greeted him spoke truly of the sympathy and welcome which the audience felt for the noble 'felon.' He remarked that while he had felt no regret when before the Court, he did now regret that he could not in fitting language respond to their call.

Music by the Wellington band.

Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS was then brought forward.

He thought it ill became one of the previous speakers (Mr. RIDDLE was meant) to detract from the State Convention which nominated Judge Gholson, who would go for the execution of the Fugitive Law, when that same speaker, rather than go to the Convention himself, sent a delegate who went himself for the execution of that law, and for Democratic principles. He then proceeded to exonerate Judge Gholson from the charge of treachery to the pledges he made at the Convention to carry out every part of the Republican platform. Mr. RIDDLE had told his hearers to vote for Judge Gholson as a man who was not pledged—but *he* should vote for him as a man who *was* pledged by all the promises and oaths possible, to carry out Republican doctrines.

A speaker had said that no man could hold office, and yet be an independent speaker and thinker; but a living refutation of that stood before them, for, for twenty-one years, his constituents had condemned him to Congress on that account.

Humboldt, that greatest man of the nineteenth century, had said that he had always liked Webster until he showed himself the author of the Fugitive Slave Law, but *from that time he had hated him.*

The speaker went on, pouring forth 'words that burn and thoughts that breathe,' in the same fearless manner as upon all occasions and all times, in Congress or out of it, with high tribute to the few noble ones who have stood up for God and the right, and scathing rebuke to those who have been found treacherous to the claims of humanity. Let the Fugitive Law not be repealed, for it has raised us up a thousand Samsons, who, with this law for their weapon, shall go forth conquering and to conquer. The history of these trials will be known and read when these heroes are laid in the dust.

He told his friends to-day that, in coming time, the Congress of the United States shall refund and restore the costs and fines which have been imposed upon them. Let them mark his word—it would be done.

Mr. GIDDINGS thanked the Oberlin Rescuers, from the depth of his manhood, for their noble conduct, and his bold eloquence was not lost upon his hearers. We have not space to do his remarks justice. He related many reminiscences of his twenty years in Congress, and of the eminent minds with whom he was there connected. The audience could also stand in the old halls of Washington, as his thrilling and burning words filled the Church. He said he had shaken hands with Lords and Dukes—had known and talked with those high in station and office—and the only apology he had to offer was, that he had shaken hands with James Buchanan, but he could heartily and truly say, that he had never offered his hand to any human being, and felt so proud of the privilege, as he now felt to grasp SIMEON BUSHNELL by the hand.

With a few words of exhortation to his hearers, and of hope and faith for the future, Mr. GIDDINGS closed, to be enthusiastically cheered and applauded.

Judge Spalding remarked that if Judge GHOLSON was not right on the slave question, he should not vote for him, and many more would not.

The Marseilles Hymn was then executed by the choir, the solo being finely sung by Miss Church, a last year's graduate, and the full choir, (apparently of one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen at least) joining in the chorus with splendid effect.

Hon. RALPH PLUMB (one of the Rescuers) was the next speaker. On the 14th of September last, just ten months ago, he had, it is true, been glad to know of the rescue of John Price, but he was ashamed to say that he did nothing to aid in the rescue. It was not these men alone, but it was the spirit of Oberlin, which was opposed to all oppression, which was indicted. But years ago he had been guilty of rescuing. (At this point, Mr. Giddings arose, and said that he remembered one Sunday morning, long years ago, when this man Plumb brought a whole wagon load of slaves to his house on the way to freedom.) The speaker then went on to describe and speak of their prison lives of eighty-five days, of the feelings that actuated the imprisoned, and their trials when thinking of their families at home. He had felt cheered with the thought which his daughter had written him while in prison, that 'it is a great thing to be the lever, or even the stone upon which the lever rests, that shall raise a whole people up into a pure atmosphere where they shall breathe freedom to the world, and all the inhabitants thereof.' They should go on until the whole world, from North to South and from East to West, shall be free.

Prof. MONROE announced, at the close of Mr. Plumb's remarks, that it had been said that recent events had soured the temper of the Oberlin people, and he must confess that Prof. Fairchild, one of the most amiable of men, had become so soured that he was about to *cane* a person right there on the stage.

Prof. Fairchild here announced that the prisoners had found in their confinement many kind friends, and of these there was the Sheriff, who had dared to receive as friends and guests, those whom the officials had condemned as felons. They had found, too, a jailor, whom God made a man first, and man had made a jailor. These men had been good Samaritans, and had not merely looked on their prisoners, but had administered to their wants. The Oberlin people had somewhat relieved their hearts by preparing two canes for presentation. Not that they meant to imply that those men had a lack of *backbone*, or needed a staff to sustain their manhood, but if in their journey through life they should fall in with what Mrs. Partington called Fugitive Slave *Bill*, they should drive him back straightway to his own haunts of Pandemonium, from which he was a Fugitive, and in which he owed service and labor.

Prof. FAIRCHILD then presented to John C. Grannis, Esq., to be presented by him to the parties named—a gold-headed cane for Sheriff Wightman; a similar one for H. R. Smith; a set of spoons for Mrs. Smith; a dress for her sister; and a book for Miss Lucy Wightman. These articles Mr. Grannis delivered, and responded for the recipients in a happy and fitting manner.

The canes are heavy ebony, with elegant chased gold heads, inscribed on them 'from the citizens of Oberlin.' They are valuable articles, both intrinsically and for their associations.

Prof. MORGAN then read the following resolution, which was carried:

Resolved, That the people of Oberlin in mass meeting assembled, tender to R. P. Spalding, F. T. Backus, A. G. Riddle, and S. O. Griswold, our heartfelt gratitude for the unwearied zeal and devoted self-sacrifice with which, refusing all compensation, they have conducted their very able defence of the rescuers before the U. S. Courts and the Supreme Court of the State. We feel that no fees could have bought such services, and that no gift can duly express our sense of the debt we owe; but by us and by countless others of the friends of right and freedom, the names of these able jurists and their noble services will be had in everlasting remembrance.

Esq. GOODWIN, of Sandusky, was then introduced, and spoke of the present contest between common and higher law—claiming that nothing was 'law' save that which commanded what is right, and prohibited what is wrong—with words of counsel and hope for the future, and with a prophetic eye looking through the coming ages to the last day, when kings and beggars, black and white, bond and free, should meet together before the great white throne, to be judged for the deeds of the body. Mr. Goodwin held the attention of his audience.

JOHN LANGSTON, Esq., rose in response to a call, to apologise for the absence of his brother Charles, and to speak a word for himself. In his characteristic bold eloquence, he spoke fearless and startling words in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law. He paid a high and proud tribute to the speech of his brother in the United States Court, which was received with loud applause. He thanked his noble friends who had gone up to Cuyahoga county jail—thanked them in his character as a negro—as a white man—as one in whom the blood of both races joined—as a *man*—and as an American citizen. We wished that the wide world could all have seen him standing there, pouring forth in clarion-notes his noble, man-like and Godlike thoughts. No more eloquent speech was made yesterday than his.

Prof. MONROE then introduced Prof. Peck, expressing his doubt in the mathematical assertion that eight quarts were equal to one *Peck*.

Prof. PECK remarked that he had been put into intimate association with the noble men who had brought eloquence and talent to bear upon their defence, and expressed his gratitude to them in touching words and kind remembrances, and also in the highest and tenderest terms of Jailor Smith, his family, and those associated with him in imprisonment, expressing as his will and testament, that those brethren should be the first to follow his body to its burial, and the ones to offer up the last prayer over his lifeless clay.

Judge SPALDING and Mr. RIDDLE, for the counsel for the defence, expressed their thanks for the compliments paid them, but asserted that the Bar of Cuyahoga, with possibly a few exceptions, were entitled to equal gratitude, for they were ready and eager to leap forward for the defence of such men—'so bring on your Rescuers.'

With music by the Hecker Band, the immense congregation of not less than 3,000 persons was then dismissed, it being 6 o'clock, and at 7:50 the Cleveland delegation returned to the city, 'satisfied.'

The meeting was an earnest and a good one—not less than 5,000 persons gathered to do honor to the occasion. Notwithstanding the dust—the intense heat of the sun's rays—the time in the middle of harvesting—and the fact of its being the first working day of the week, the hosts of freedom came up and encamped in the stronghold of liberty and equality. Oberlin is *not* 'subdued,' and *never will be.*

Of all the features of the day, there was nothing that was of more interest than the singing by the vast and well-trained choir. It was, without exception, the most grand and glorious singing—the nearest to our conception of a grand choral harmony, of any thing we ever heard.

A lady remarked to us on the homeward passage, she 'didn't believe we would hear better singing in the other world.' We do believe there is no choir like that one in the country. No words, no language can express the beauty and sublimity of the execution of the Marseilles Hymn, or the 'Gathering of the Free,' and so we will not attempt it. It was beyond all praise.

The day was intensely hot, and the congregation presented a general appearance of white dresses, fair faces and flitting fans in the portions principally occupied by the ladies.

After partaking of a bountiful supper at Prof. Peck's, we returned home, hearty cheers rising as the excursionists left the station; and when next Oberlin celebrates, and her 1,100 students are 'out of school,' and the latch-strings are out, 'may we be there to see.'

The Liberator.

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

BOSTON, JULY 22, 1859.

ANNIVERSARY OF WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION!

The usual 'First of August' Celebration will be observed, this year, on SATURDAY, July 30th, in the beautiful ISLAND GROVE, at NORTH ABINGTON.

The liberation of EIGHT HUNDRED THOUSAND slaves by the government under which they were held, is an act of disinterested philanthropy, as uncommon in human legislation as it is full of righteous rebuke and touching appeal to this slaveholding Republic.

Let the friends of Immediate and Unconditional Emancipation gather from every quarter, to bear anew their testimony against a Government, deaf to the cry of the victims of its relentless tyranny—and a Church, by whose remorseless consent and complicity these millions of the Israel of God are held in chains; to rededicate their 'lives and fortunes' to the redemption of 'the suffering and the dumb' of our land, and hasten the day when they, too, shall be brought forth from the ineffable misery of bondage, to be compassed about with the songs of deliverance.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, WENDELL PHILLIPS, EDMUND QUINCY, Rev. U. M. FISK of Taunton, J. FRANK BAILEY, late of Brown University, WM. WELLS BROWN, SAMUEL MAY, Jr., ANDREW T. FOSS, CHAS. LENOX REMOND, HENRY C. WRIGHT, and other speakers are confidently expected to be present.

The following gentlemen have been appointed a Committee of Arrangements:—FRANCIS JACKSON, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, THOMAS J. HUNT, ELDRIDGE SPRAGUE, PHILANDER SHAW, SAMUEL DYER, E. H. HEYWOOD.

☞ The Old Colony Rail Road Company will convey passengers, on that day, to and from the Grove, as follows:—

Leave Boston at 9, A. M., Plymouth at 9.20, A., M., stopping at usual way stations.

Fares, as follows:—

Boston, Savin Hill, Dorchester, Port Norfolk and Quincy, to the Grove and back, 50 cents for adults, twenty-five cents for children.

Plymouth, and all way stations not already named, to the Grove and back, at half the usual fare.

☞ Excursion Tickets will be good on other trains that day; but such trains will not stop at the Grove, but at Centre Abington station, near by.

RETURNING—Leave the Grove at 5½, P. M.

Ample preparations at the Grove for Refreshments and Recreation.

☞ In case of rain, the meeting will be held in the Town Hall, contiguous to the Grove.

In behalf of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, *President.*
ROBERT F. WALLCUT, *Secretary.*

FIRST OF AUGUST!

The anniversary of the Emancipation of eight hundred thousand slaves in the British West Indies will be celebrated by a public mass meeting of the friends of universal freedom, to be held in the spacious Town Hall in Milford, Mass., on Monday, August 1, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

To this annual gathering, all those who have hearts to 'rejoice with those who do rejoice' in the possession of the priceless boon of liberty, and to 'weep with those who weep' under the crushing weight of slavery—who would do something to 'undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free,' are most earnestly invited. Come one, come all!

Among the speakers who are expected to address the meeting are A. T. FOSS, HENRY C. WRIGHT, ADIN BALLOU, WM. S. HAYWOOD, and GEO. W. STACY.

Per order of the Committee of Arrangements,
WM. S. HAYWOOD, *Chairman.*

Hopedale, (Milford, Mass.) July 19, 1859.

DEATH OF RUFUS CHOATE.

Considerable sensation was felt in Boston, on Wednesday of last week, by the telegraphic intelligence from Halifax, that the Hon. RUFUS CHOATE had suddenly expired in that place early that morning. He had started for a voyage to Europe in quest of health, but was obliged to leave the steamer at Halifax, though not deemed very seriously indisposed. He was in the 60th year of his age.

Since this intelligence was received, the daily papers have been crowded with unmeasured laudations of his genius and character—in the Superior Court, by Mr. Brewster, Hon. John C. Park, and Judge Brigham; at a meeting of the Suffolk Bar, by Charles P. Curtis, Esq., Charles G. Loring, Esq., Hon. George Lunt, Hon. Sidney Bartlett, F. B. Crowninshield, Richard H. Dana, Esq., Gov. Banks, Hon. Benjamin F. Hallett, Hon. Caleb Cushing, and Stephen H. Phillips, Esq.; in the Legislative Committee on the Revision of the Statutes, by Mr. Spofford, of Newburyport, Hon. Charles F. Upham, of Salem, Mr. Merrill and Charles A. Phelps, of Boston, Mr. Sumner of Great Barrington, and Mr. Wentworth of Lowell; in a meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club, by William C. Williamson, Esq., Henry W. Haynes, Esq., F. J. Parker, Esq., Oliver Stevens, Esq., Benjamin F. Hallett, Jr., Esq., and Peter Harvey, Esq.; Whigs, Democrats, Republicans—all extolling the deceased, to the utmost reach of the language of eulogy, as one almost miraculously gifted on the score of genius, intellectual power, and legal and forensic ability—as 'the most brilliant orator, the most consummate advocate, the most learned jurist, the most accomplished scholar'—as 'a broad, national man, a true patriot, and a genuine Christian' (?)—&c., &c., &c. Last, and least, the Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., of 'South-side' notoriety, from his pulpit last Sunday repaid the deceased for all the complimentary (?) things said by him of his pastor, as never meddling with the sins of the week in his pulpit, but allowing even the most gigantic sinners to go unwhipped of justice.

Through all the mass of complimentary verbiage that has been bestowed upon the memory of the deceased, we look in vain for any just discrimination, or moral independence of criticism—any intimation that he was blameworthy in anything he ever said or did. It is nothing but exaggerated, excessive, wholesale panegyric.

In all that constitutes true greatness, we conceive that no man has been more overrated than Mr. Choate. Intellectually, he was well furnished, though not well balanced. As an adroit special pleader, to 'make the worse appear the better reason'—to throw dust into the eyes, bewilder the understandings, and overpower the judgments of a jury—to shield villany from its merited deserts, and make it

WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

Among the able and interesting articles in the last number of the *Christian Examiner* is one relating to 'Asiatic Civilization.' The author of it, however, advances a sentiment from which we must strongly dissent. 'We have placed war,' he says, 'among the promoters of civilization, while sympathizing also with the Peace Society, (!) though not to the extent of general non-resistance, which would make civilization impossible.' (!!) Why may not slavery and every other crime, or system of criminality, be also placed among the promoters of civilization'? If war, which is the opposite of peace, may be justified, why may not sin, which is the opposite of holiness, be also defended? If peace and war are interchangeable, according to circumstances, why not liberty and tyranny, right and wrong, truth and falsehood, Christianity and heathenism, Christ and Belial? What is war in all cases but the involving of the innocent with the guilty—the perpetration of the most shocking enormities on a wholesale scale—the gratification of the animal nature and a revengeful spirit—the denial of the sacred and inalienable right of life, whereby all rights are put in peril? What is war but (in the language of Robert Hall) 'the repeal of all the commands in the Decalogue'—all the precepts of the gospel? When or where did it ever promote civilization? When or where did it ever fail to demoralize those who engaged in it, and to sow dragon's teeth? And when or where did the spirit of peace ever work disastrously for any people? It is astonishing that any one, claiming to be a Christian—i. e., a disciple and follower of Christ—can defend the horrid practice of war. Are the death-dealing implements of the battle-field—are the terrible passions necessary to use those implements,—to be drawn from the Sermon on the Mount? Is 'the Princeof Peace' sometimes found acting as commander-in-chief of the army and navy? Does Christianity know anything of Americans or Englishmen, Frenchmen or Austrians, natives or foreigners, as such? To these inquiries, the dogmatic assertion of the writer, that 'war has helped to create civilization, it is still needed to maintain it,' is no answer. As rationally affirm that knavery has helped to create honesty, licentiousness virtue, idolatry the true religion, and that these are still indispensable! It is easy to affirm that 'war is not unfrequently a scourge and corrector of greater evils than itself, *like the thunder and the tornado clearing the atmosphere*,' but the analogy here drawn is as sophistical as the deduction is immoral. The thunder and the tornado are among the beneficent and indispensable laws of nature, and not moral and accountable agents; but because of their operation, are men to be justified in taking the lives and imbruing their hands in the blood of their fellow-men, under any provocation however great? Moreover, we should like to be informed how 'general non-resistance would make civilization impossible.' Was Christ uncivilized? He was undeniably a non-resistant, 'leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.' Does civilization depend upon giving blow for blow, refusing to return good for evil, substituting Bunker Hill for Calvary? We have not so read history; we do not so understand the nature of man. 'Non-resistance' is a term as little understood as it is appreciated; it is the antipodes of all that is selfish, cowardly, servile, or oppressive; where it prevails, every man may sit under his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid; in its presence no wrong, no injustice, no tyranny, can find any sanction; it is the martyr spirit which in all ages has been superior to the stake and the gibbet, and which, in the person of Jesus dying on the cross, and supplicating forgiveness for his enemies, has shown the true process of overcoming the world.

PIC-NIC OF THE 28TH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

The 28th Congregational Society of Boston (Rev. Theodore Parker's) held their third Annual Pic-Nic at Waverly Grove, Belmont, on Wednesday, the 13th inst. They filled seven cars in a special train which left Boston at 9 A. M., and were joined by friends from various towns nearer the place of assemblage, making in all, perhaps, 700 persons. The day opened with warm weather, pleasantly moderated by clouds, and all seemed to promise a day as favorable as that of last year's celebration.

Shortly after the arrival of the party at Waverly Grove, a programme of the day's proceedings was publicly announced, to the following effect: that at 10 minutes before two o'clock, the bugle would sound, announcing that the speaking would presently commence; that then various persons would address the Society, and a letter would be read, addressed by Mr. Parker to that very meeting, and received only the previous evening; that the speaking would be varied by the music of a band and of a vocal quartette club; and that until dinner-time, each could amuse himself as he pleased, in strolling through the beautiful and extensive grove, or joining in some of the amusements which were at hand, or viewing the sports of others, or enjoying the society of friends.

The grove contained a fine elastic dancing floor, with a roof to shelter from sun or rain, a fandango, and plenty of swings and see-saws. Water was liberally provided for all, and such other drinks as temperance allows, with ice-creams and more substantial refreshments were for sale, for the accommodation of those for whom their own forethought, or the hospitality of their friends, had not otherwise provided.

The music soon struck up, and the floor was filled with merry dancers, while various games of ball and other amusements were going on without. At noon, numerous dining parties were formed, some using the convenient tables and benches belonging to the grove, and some spreading their repast, frugal or luxurious, on the grass beneath the trees; and, so bounteous had been the preparations, more than twelve baskets full of fragments were carried away from the entertainment.

At the sound of the bugle, the company collected upon and around the very insufficient provision of seats in front of the speakers' stand. Mr. John C. Haynes, President of the Fraternity, called the meeting to order, and, after a few introductory remarks, read the following pleasing and graceful lines, written for the occasion by Frank B. Sanborn, Esq., of Concord, which were sung by the assembly, to the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

I.

From dusty street and grassy lane
We turn our willing feet,
And here beneath the trees again
In summer's glow we meet.
How friendly nods the rough old Oak!
How smile s the courteous Pine!
They sing to greet the thronging folk
A sweeter song than mine.

II.

'In peace beneath our branches rest,'
The gentle murmurs say;
'Here Love and Quiet build their nest,
Here may you play or pray.
Our ceaseless music well accords
With childish glee and noise,
With youth's light laugh, and earnest words,
And manhood's sober joys.

III.

'As we with singing charm your care,
And thrill your hearts to-day,
Our brothers chant the same soft air
To yours so far away.
In Arden's wood, by Leman's wave,
Our kindred welcome yours;
We love the loving, bless the brave,
On all the world's wide shores.'

After Mornington's beautiful Glee, 'Here in cool grot and mossy cell' had been sung by the quartette club, Mr. Frederick Henshaw addressed the meeting, and read a note from Mr. Garrison, who regretted that business would prevent him from attending it. Several other letters, from gentlemen who had been invited, and who, though unable to attend, wished, like Mr. Garrison, to express their interest in the meeting, and their regard for Mr. Parker, were *not* read, principally because they had been accidentally left in Boston by the clerk of the Society, who had so many things to think of, that day, that it was impossible to remember all.

Mr. Sanborn of Concord next made a few remarks, after which Mr. John R. Manley read a letter from Mr. Parker, which was listened to with intense interest, and which will be found on our last page.

By the courtesy of Mr. Manley, we are allowed to make the following extracts from a letter of the same date to himself from Mr. Parker:—

'We left London June 12, at 5 1-2, A. M., and reached Paris at 5, P. M.,—staid there about a week, and left it at 1, A. M., June 19th, and passed the night at Dijon—one of the queerest old places I ever saw. It was the capital of Burgundy, and the residence and burial-place of the famous Dukes of that name. Their high-nosed statues still keep the likeness of the family, and show whence come the (ugly) features of the Hapsburgs of Austria, and the Bourbons of France, which are traceable to them through the female line.

'From Dijon, we went to Genoa; next day and the following, came by boat to this charming and most delicious spot, Montreux—Vaud, Suisse—where we propose to remain with our good friends, R. E. Apthorp and family, for a month or more.

Since I came here last Tuesday, and it is Saturday now, I have been better than before. I have slept better, and coughed less than in any four days since I left Santa Cruz. That looks well, but the time is a little too short to draw long inferences from; still I have never had so good news to write about myself as now.'

These letters were followed by more music, vocal and instrumental, after which the audience were notified of the time when the train would start for Boston, and desired to occupy the interval in such amusements as they chose. The sports recommenced with much spirit, and some capital games of base-ball, played by the young men of the Fraternity, showed that they had followed their minister's counsel to improve and educate their bodies, as well as their minds and souls.

There had been a sprinkling of rain about noon, with thunder, and late in the afternoon a considerable shower fell, interfering with all the sports except the dancing, and scattering those who had their means of conveyance at hand. The rain, however, ceased before it was time to move to the cars, and the train started punctually at its appointed moment to return, all hearts having been cheered by the day's recreation, and encouraged by the good news of Mr. Parker's amended health.—C. K. W.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D., Author of 'The House I Live In.' Twentieth Thousand. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859.

Since the last edition of this excellent treatise was published, its author has been called to another sphere of existence, having lived to some purpose here below, and, by his numerous writings on subjects intimately connected with the intellectual and moral elevation of the human race, signalized himself in the broad field of philanthropy. He was a thoroughly conscientious and good man—amiable as a child in his daily intercourse with others—firm and resolute in what he regarded as right and proper to be done—well informed in regard to the topics upon which he treated—and particularly interested in matters pertaining to physiological reform.

The present work on Marriage has already attained a wide circulation; but if millions of copies of it were sold, the sale would only be proportionate to its merits, and much would thereby be effected in the way of human redemption. It is written with simplicity and clearness, with fidelity and delicacy, and embodies a large amount of instruction essential to the physical welfare and moral purity of the great multitude who are rushing thoughtlessly and blindly into the most sacred and responsible relation that exists on earth. We press it upon the consideration of old and young, married and single. The following are the topics discussed:—Chapter I. The True Relations of the Sexes. II. Premature Marriage, and its Consequences. III. Errors of Education. IV. Errors of Courtship. V. Individual Transgression, and its Penalties. VI. Social Errors, and their Punishment. VII. The Physical Laws of Marriage. VIII. A Fundamental Error. IX. The Laws of Pregnancy. X. Crimes without a Name. XI. The Laws of Lactation. XII. Crimes that deserve no Name. XIII. Directions to Parents and Guardians. XIV. General Directions. In his Preface, Dr. Alcott says—'If the writer has aught of which to boast, or which should obligate the world to give heed to his words, it is his long and abundant experience among the young. He has probably attempted to guide a greater number of erring young men, during the last half century, than any living individual in this country. And this work to young men may be regarded as a farewell, if not as a dying legacy.'

THE MORAL PHILOSOPHY OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE. By WILLIAM A. ALCOTT, M. D. Fifth Edition. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 1859.

This work is designed as a Companion to the 'PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE.' The first portion of it treats of the Nature and Objects of Courtship and Marriage; the second, of the Proper Qualifications for Marriage. Entertainment and instruction are equally blended in the elucidation of these topics. Every household should have a work of this kind.

'A Sermon for Midsummer Day. Beauty in the World of Matter, considered as a Revelation of God. By Rev. Theodore Parker, Minister of the 28th Congregational Society. Preached at the Music Hall on Sunday, July 15th, 1855; [and now first published,] with a prefatory letter from Mr. Parker at Santa Cruz. Boston: Published by the Fraternity. Sold by H. W. Swett & Co., 128 Washington St. 1859.'

We are now again in midsummer, and this beautiful sermon, (which we intensely enjoyed in the hearing, four years ago,) is given us again in print, in its appropriate season, and doubled in value by Mr. Parker's preface written in Santa Cruz.

It is hard to stop short in quoting from such a sermon; but we must limit ourselves to a single passage, following a series of delightful pictures of the common natural beauties which our eyes daily look upon without seeing, and giving their interpretation, thus:

'This must be the meaning of it all,—it is a REVELATION OF GOD'S LOVE. That is what it is. Consider the lilies of the pond,—they teach all this: If God *so* clothe the lilies in brother Jacob's mill pond, watch over them, ripen their seed thus curiously under water, sow it there, and keep the race as lasting as the stars, will he not much rather bless every soul of saint or sinner, O, Rev. Dr. Banbaby? Oh, foolish congregations of self-denying men, who think you must believe all the clerical nonsense and bad sense which ministers preach at you! where are your eyes, where are your hearts, where are your souls, that you make such a fuss about?

"Why this longing, this forever sighing,
For such doctrines ghastly, hateful, grim—
While the Beautiful, all round thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?
Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All that restless longing it would still,—
Flower and Pond and laden Bee are teaching,
Thy own sphere with natural work to fill."'

'Report of the Woman's Rights Meeting at Mercantile Hall, May 27th, 1859. *Res non verba.* Boston: S. Urbino, 19 Winter St., (up stairs.)' 8 vo. pp. 32.

This handsomely printed pamphlet gives a full account of the proceedings of a highly interesting and important meeting which was briefly reported in the *Liberator* at the time, the precursor, we hope, of an uninterrupted series of annual meetings until the great object of them is attained. A preface, by Mrs. Severance and Mrs. Dall, the Committee of Publication, briefly rehearses the proceedings of a two days' meeting held in 1855, at the Melonaon, on the same subject, and addressed by some of the same persons. We trust that the excellent ladies who arranged and conducted these two meetings will secure, by early application, some *large* hall for their next assemblage in Boston, and it is safe to predict that every reader of this pamphlet will desire to attend that meeting.

Release of the Ohio Rescuers by the same Power that Imprisoned them—Ohio Ruled by Kidnappers.

RAVENNA, (Ohio,) July 8, 1859.

DEAR GARRISON:

The Oberlin Rescuers are all at liberty. They came out of their prison on Wednesday, July 6. The same power that put them in, took them out. The United States Government, the Union, at the bidding of slavehunters, thrust them into prison. The Union, the Federal Government, at the bidding of slavehunters, has now opened the prison-door, and let them out. To gratify the malice of kidnappers, they were seized, and confined eighty-five days in a felon's prison. To screen the guilty kidnappers, they are now taken out. They were imprisoned solely because they fed the hungry, clothed the naked, gave shelter to the houseless wanderer, delivered the spoiled out of the hands of the spoiler, and bound up the wounds of those who had fallen among Christian, (?) praying thieves and robbers. They were delivered from prison, solely, at the request of Southern slaveholding kidnappers, to save themselves from prison, a prison which they had little reason to fear. Ohio is not yet prepared to protect her men and women from kidnappers. Salmon P. Chase and the Republican party, in this State, have no thought of driving kidnappers from their midst—especially when they come as presidents, marshals and judges of the Union. Republicans still think more of the Union than of man—that man is made for the Union, not the Union for man—and that it is all for the glory of *their* Republican and *their* Christian god to enslave and sacrifice four millions of men, women and children, to save the Union. SALVATION TO THE UNION BY THE BLOOD OF THE SLAVE! is the watchword of their warfare. Why not? If the blood of one man can save the world, surely the blood of four millions can save the Union. It is horrible. Let the Union, let the *world* perish, if it can be saved only by the stripes, the sufferings, the tears and blood of even *one* innocent man. Let the Man be sacred, though the Union and the World be destroyed.

The enclosed scraps will show you how the rescuers were delivered. The Republicans of the State are glorying in their mighty achievement in freeing these men from prison. These letters of the kidnappers will show you with what reason they boast. The whole is done in obedience to the behests of slaveholders. The Republicans have had nothing to do with it. But, read these letters. In the history of human governments, I do not believe so cool and boastful a contempt for justice and decency can be found as is presented in the imprisonment and deliverance of these Oberlin rescuers. If it was just to fine and imprison them at all, why should they be pardoned out for fear some kidnappers should be punished? If the South assents to this without a *roar* of wrath, I am much mistaken in their character.

I have just come from a lecture in the Town Hall, by Charles H. Langston, one of the rescuers just out of jail, and whose speech before the Court will not soon be forgotten for its power of eloquence. He lectured on the bearing of the Fugitive Law, and of slave-hunting on the part of the North. He showed that the same demon that put them in jail, took them out. It was laughable enough to see a Republican get up, and claim it as a triumph of freedom, of *Republicanism*, that Langston and the rest were released from prison. But the people in Ohio, especially on the Reserve, are all in advance of Chase and their other leaders in politics. Yet, they are not prepared for revolution, whether by force or otherwise. Their reverence for Union is still greater than their reverence for man. God, manifest in the Union, not God, manifest in Man, is the object of their worship. This cannot last much longer.

Yours, HENRY C. WRIGHT.

TRIAL OF DR. DOY—READ THIS!

LAWRENCE, (K. T.) June 30, 1859.

DEAR GARRISON:

You have heard of the arrest and trial of Dr. John Doy, one of our oldest and most valued citizens, who is now pining in a Missouri dungeon. My object in writing to you at this time is to describe the enormity of the outrage committed upon him. Dr. Doy came to this place nearly five years ago, from Rochester, N. Y., where he had long been known as a sterling anti-slavery man. Upon his arrival here, he united with others in opposing the Slave Power, and, during the whole of our fearful struggle with the Border Ruffians, he was always at the post of danger, ready to perform any service, however hazardous, for the defeat of the enemy. He was one of about a dozen horsemen who rode out of town to meet the advance guard of 150 men of the enemy, on the ever memorable 13th of September, 1856, when our town, containing only 200 fighting men, was attacked or threatened by 2700 men, according to the statement of Gov. Geary, who was in the enemy's camp.

Dr. Doy was an industrious, hard-working man. He erected with his own hands the first frame house ever built in Lawrence, which he occupied until the summer of 1855, when he removed to his claim, a few miles from town. I am thus particular in alluding to Dr. Doy, because some of the Democratic papers, at the East and elsewhere, have represented Dr. Doy as an unworthy character, &c. I am very intimately acquainted with the Doctor, and know all these statements to be false and grossly slanderous. He has lived in England many years, and has all the outspoken character of a genuine Englishman, in reference to slavery. He is none of your circumspect, mealy-mouthed Yankees, afraid to call things by their right names. On this account, he has made many enemies, even in Kansas. Some sycophantic, mean-spirited, toad-eating Free-State men hate him, on account of his bold and unequivocal condemnation of the slave system, and of their contemptible fawning at the feet of the Slavocracy; for I am sorry, very sorry to say, that even we, beautiful, classic, heroic Kansas, a country that I love more than almost any other on the globe, we have some, yea, many lick-spittles of the Slave Power, men who will vie with your Northern Democrats in their acts of subserviency to the South. A few of that class of men obtained seats in the Osawatomie Convention, and succeeded in having engrafted upon the Republican stock the hateful scion of 'Squatter Sovereignty,' and came near throwing the Territory into the hands of the Democrats, in consequence thereof. But, to return to Doy. Some time last January, the friends of the fugitive in Kansas employed Dr. Doy to superintend the carrying of a family of free negroes from this town to Holton, about fifty miles distant. One of the professed friends of the blacks proved a spy, and for $500 betrayed the party into the hands of the slaveholders; who, aided by some miserable creatures from the Territory, waylaid Dr. Doy and his party, and carried them into Missouri. On their arrival there, in company with the blacks, they were treated with every possible indignity, as you may well imagine. The bells were rung, cannon fired, and every demonstration of joy made, as they passed into town. At first, the mob were determined to hang them, or burn them alive; but afterwards concluded that a long and dreary imprisonment would prove more terrible than death, in striking terror into the hearts of the abolitionists. Dr. Coy and son were then incarcerated in a filthy dungeon, almost without air and light, and filled with such a horrible stench that visitors could scarcely endure it. Their treatment was of the worst possible kind, until they were removed to St. Joseph.

The drunken men and boys about town were permitted to howl around the prison walls, and taunt Dr. Doy with expressions like these: 'Hullo, old fellow! you'll soon be hung. Hanging is too good for such a G—d d—d abolitionist.' This I learned from a prisoner who escaped from an adjoining room in the prison, and who had been imprisoned for some time, on a similar charge. A change of *venue* was granted by the Judge, on account of the excited state of the public mind, and Dr. Doy and son were carried to St. Joseph.

The trial came off in the latter part of March, and the jury stood eleven for acquittal, and one for conviction. Every thing seemed favorable. The Judge leaned sensibly to the side of Dr. Doy, and a *nolle prosequi* was entered in Charles Doy's case, and he returned home. From this state of the case, we confidently expected Dr. Doy's release, when the second trial should come on. This took place the 21st of this month, and, contrary to every person's anticipations, resulted in the conviction, and sentence by the *jury* (a Western custom) to five years' hard labor in the Missouri penitentiary.

What makes this case a particularly enormous one is the fact, that Dr. Doy proved on trial, from the testimony of the slave Dick, whom he was charged with abducting, that *Dick was never abducted*, or persuaded away from Missouri, but came into Kansas *with the pass of his master*; and yet Dr. Doy is sentenced by the intelligent jury with five years' imprisonment for abducting him! I know this to be the case, for I saw the pass myself in Dick's possession.

No testimony whatever was introduced, on the second trial, to prove that Dr. Doy had been in Missouri, and the Judge instructed the jury to *acquit* him, unless they were satisfied, beyond all reasonable doubt, from the evidence, that he had been in Missouri.

At the first trial, one man swore that he had an *impression* that he had seen a man resembling Dr. Doy in Missouri, but that he could not say certain. The counsel for the State told the jury that 'the impression of one good pro-slavery man ought to weigh more with them than the oaths of a hundred God-forsaken abolitionists.' The same clear-headed son of Satan told the jury, on the second trial, that they must rise superior to all legal technicalities in this case.' Said he, 'Gentlemen, your own safety, and that of the community in which you live, require you to trample under foot the *lower law* of the land, which you may be fully satisfied the prisoner has not violated. It is enough for you to know that Dr. Doy is an abolitionist—is *President* of the "Under-Ground Railroad." You can but be satisfied on this point, and for the sake of your fair daughters, who, if these miscreants are allowed to pursue their hellish work of aiding our slaves in escaping, will be driven to perform the drudgery of the kitchen; for their sakes you must convict the prisoner. If he has not committed this particular crime, he has committed others like it, and, above all, has it *in his heart* to commit many more of the same character.' This ingenious [infernal] argument was irresistible, and Dr. Doy was convicted of having a 'd—d black abolition heart.' The case is carried up to the Supreme Court of Missouri, on a writ of error, and we hope for a reversion of the sentence. Its execution is suspended for two months. In the mean time, the expenses of the case are very great, and have to be borne wholly by the friends of freedom here. The Legislature appropriated a sum to pay the lawyers, but the expenses of witnesses to and from the place of trial, and while there, have to be met by Dr. Doy's friends. Our friends have given very liberally, but it has already cost over $300, and if we have a new trial, will cost $100. Cannot that amount be raised at the East? Dr. Doy has a very large family to support, and can do nothing whatever towards defraying these expenses. Yours, for Disunion, as ever,

C. STEARNS.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH
NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY
SUBSCRIPTION-ANNIVERSARY;
IN THE MONTH OF JANUARY NEXT, IN BOSTON,
1860.

In a year when Americans find themselves citizens of a country where the African slave trade is going on, and slave-hunting unforbidden, and sheltering the fugitive indicted as a crime, and the leading religious and political influences so dead to this public shame as to discountenance legislative reform, we are confident that we have only to open our subscription in order to be becomingly and effectually sustained by the awakening virtue of the people, in the enterprise to which our lives are given.

We entreat, then, all the friends of Liberty, and the foes of Slavery, every where, in the South as at the North,—in Europe as in America,—philosophers as well as Christians, Catholics no less than Protestants, to subscribe to a fund and a mode of expenditure which prepares the way before every sect, every party, every association; which makes all other men's anti-slavery labors light; and which has, for six and twenty years, been laying the foundations of many generations, so as to exclude slavery from American institutions, and secure to posterity those blessings of liberty which the last generation passed away without enjoying.

THE UNDERSIGNED, while asking the favor of their subscribers' company, on their customary Anniversary occasion, are impelled by the goodness and the grandeur of the enterprise,—by its indispensable nature, by the universal and fundamental character of its principles,—to entreat also the assistance of *all*. The crisis in the nation's life makes the occasion:—one which it will be worth crossing the ocean to participate in. And while thanking our European friends for their generous coöperation of last year with America, we ask its continuance yet a little longer;—till a spirit of devotedness adequate to this great world-enterprise shall have been here awakened.

From this day forward through the year we begin to arrange our plans, organize our efforts, and economise our means, greater or smaller as the case may be, to meet this great national claim: and we desire all who would see slavery abolished, and truth, honor, peace, liberty and safety in righteousness restored, to meet us at its close, for cheer, counsel, sacrifice, resolve, and generous co-operation.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
MARY MAY,
LOUISA LORING,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
L. MARIA CHILD,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,
CAROLINE WESTON,
MARY WILLEY,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,
SUSAN C. CABOT,
SARAH PARKER REMOND,
LYDIA D. PARKER,
ELIZA F. EDDY,
ABBY FRANCIS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
AUGUSTA G. KING,
ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,
ELIZA APTHORP,
ANNE LANGDON ALGER,
MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,
ELIZA ANDREW.

A FEMALE SLAVE RESTRAINED OF HER LIBERTY.—A writ of *habeas corpus* was returned before Judge Metcalf, in the Supreme Court, yesterday, under the following circumstances: Yesterday morning, at Plymouth, Mr. N. B. Spooner petioned Judge Thomas Russell, of the Supreme Court, (who was in Plymouth at the time,) for a writ of habeas corpus, to take the body of one Maria Gaskins, a female slave then in Plymouth. The petition set forth that the said Maria is a married woman, and is restrained of her liberty by one William Holmes and wife of New Orleans, on this 18th day of July, 1859. The writ was issued and made returnable to either of the Judges of the Supreme Judicial Court, and placed in the hands of Duputy Sheriff John Atwood, Jr. The Sheriff proceeded at once to serve the process upon Mrs. Holmes, and taking Maria into custody, brought her to this city and returned his writ as above stated. Maria states that she is about thirty-five years old, was born in Savannah, Ga., and was purchased by Mr. Holmes, who took her to New Orleans. When Mr. Holmes and wife left New Orleans, a few weeks since, she (Maria) was told that they were going to take her to her friends in Savannah, instead of which, as now appears, they took passage up the Mississippi River, and came across the country to Plymouth. She further states that she is restrained of her liberty, and has not near as much liberty here at the North as she had in New Orleans, as her mistress did not like to have her go out at all, but she went out Sunday to church, and found friends to whom she related her story, and this proceeding is the result. On account of the absence of witnesses, the case was postponed till 9 o'clock this morning for examination. Wm. L. Burt, Esq., appeared in behalf of the slave.—*Boston Atlas of Tuesday.*

THE PLYMOUTH SLAVE CASE—*The Woman Discharged.* The case of Maria Gaskins, a female slave, came up before Judge Metcalf of the Supreme Judicial Court, in chambers, yesterday forenoon. The hearing was on a petition for a writ of habeas corpus to relieve her from restraint. John A. Andrew, Esq., and William L. Burt, Esq., appeared as counsel in her behalf.

Mr. Burt moved, that as no one appeared to urge the restraint of Maria, she be discharged.

Mr. Spooner said the train from Plymouth had arrived twenty minutes before, and that, therefore, ample opportunity had been given to them to appear if they wished to do so.

Judge Metcalf—I did not think it proper to compel the attendance of these parties yesterday morning, and accordingly postponed the case, to give them ample time to appear, if they desired it. There is no evidence that this person has been deprived of her liberty, except that which is contained in the testimony of the girl herself. That does indeed imply a degree of restraint, sufficient, I think, to entitle her to her discharge. She can go; and let the matter end here. She can go where she pleases; I should advise her to go back to Plymouth, and get her trunks and clothes.

Mr. Burt—We have a precedent, your honor, in a case similar to this, under which we ask your honor that a record of this proceeding may be made, for the future benefit of the party, should she need to use it, in consequence of being again deprived of her liberty.

Judge Metcalf—If you will leave the papers here, I will make my own record. I shall not go into any work of supererogation.

The case ended here, and the woman and her friends left the Court. The hearing lasted about five minutes. —*Atlas of Wednesday.*

A MARYLANDER UPON SUMNER'S ORATION. A correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, a citizen of Baltimore, communicates to that paper an account of the festivities of the Fourth of July in Boston. He was much pleased with everything he saw and heard, and came to the conclusion that he had never seen a Fourth of July before. But the most noticeable part of his letter is, that in which he speaks of the oration of Mr. Sumner. With a liberality which should put to the blush those who defer to what are supposed to be Southern opinions, he does not conceal the pleasure which the oration afforded to him, notwithstanding the allusion to Chief Justice Taney and the Dred Scott decision:

'The reading over, more music followed, when the orator of the day was introduced by His Honor the Mayor. He is a pleasant looking gentleman, brother of Senator Sumner, and is apparently thirty-six years of age, with a foreign air, and evidently clad in Paris-made costume. Mr. Sumner has been most of his time, for a number of years past, abroad—supposed to be in the secret employ of the government. His address was marked by great historic research, and gave evidence of a highly cultivated literary taste. I was exceedingly pleased with it, but some objected to that portion of the address in which the orator took occasion to give Chief Justice Taney two or three heavy broadsides about his Dred Scott opinion. I thought, however, as the speaker was in Boston, and not in Baltimore, he was privileged to do as he pleased on this point, and it was not for me to censure, even if I did not concur.'

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF MR. SUMNER'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. The St. John, N. B., *Morning News* has an article upon Fourth of July Orations in this country, which in his opinion often contain harsh sayings against the Mother Country, not calculated to create a brotherly love between the descendants of those who sprung from one parent stem. The editor, however, makes an exception in favor of the oration of Mr. George Sumner, before the municipal authorities of Boston, in regard to which he says: 'We have read Mr. Sumner's Oration with satisfaction. It is a State document, containing a great fund of useful European information. Instead of being the sermon as well as text of the whole production, the conduct of England in connection with the Revolution is but incidentally referred to. Where she is criticised, it is done in a generous spirit.'

BOSTON AND HER FOURTH OF JULY ORATORS. The New York *Post* sympathizes with the people of Boston in their troubles. Hear what the Editor says about our Fourth of July orators:

'But what shall we say of the sensitive people of Boston, and the success of their experiment of cultivating Fourth of July oratory? Like the Israelites of old, they say to their orators, 'Prophesy unto us smooth things,' or, as a Boston paper expresses it, something which will 'assist the digestion;' but for some reason or other, the orators will insist on cramming down their throats a very different article. The fact is, the Bostonians are not equal to a Fourth of July oration, and perhaps the best thing they can do is to abolish the institution altogether.'

ATHENS EXCITED. The Boston papers and the Common Council of that prim and particular city are making a vast deal of unnecessary fuss over Mr. George Sumner's 4th of July oration. The sentiments uttered by the orator do not quite suit the fastidious taste of all the 'first people' who live around the 'hub of all creation.'—*Buffalo Express.*

RUFUS CHOATE'S FAMILY. Mr. Choate married the second daughter of Hon. Mills Olcott, of Hanover, N. H., a wealthy and distinguished citizen of that State. The oldest of her sisters married the late Hon. Jos. Bell, of this city, formerly of Haverhill, N. H., and for a long time one of the leading lawyers of that State; the next daughter, younger than Mrs. Choate, married Dr. Wm. R. Haddock, brother of Prof. Haddock, of Dartmouth College; the next married Charles E. Thompson, Esq., a lawyer, late of Haverhill, N. H., now of Philadelphia; and the youngest married W. H. Duncan, Esq., a lawyer of learning and accomplishments, of Hanover, N. H. Mr. Choate has four children, one son and three daughters. The son, Rufus Choate, Jr., was admitted to the Bar about a year ago, having been graduated at Amherst College. The oldest daughter married Joseph M. Bell, Esq., of this city. The second married E. Ellery Pratt, Sub-Treasurer of Boston, and the youngest is unmarried.

☞ Mr. Choate's life was insured for $25,000, as follows: $10,000 in the New England Mutual Company, and $5000 each in the Massachusetts, Charter Oak, and Connecticut offices.

☞ A bust of the Hon. Charles Summer, by Brackett, ordered by a committee of the citizens of Boston, soon after the Brooks assault, has been presented to Harvard University, and now stands in Grove Hall, the Library building at Cambridge. A portrait, ordered by the same gentlemen, of Mr. Wright, has also been finished, but its destination is not stated.

GERRIT SMITH ROBBED. Burglars made a visit to the office of Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro', one night last week. They broke open the door, blew open an iron safe with gunpowder, and carried off about $100 in money.

MORE WILD AFRICANS. We have heard a gentleman who is 'up to snuff' say yesterday, that another cargo of Africans had been landed upon our Gulf coast, within a few days, and that the captain of the craft that brought them was in our city; he had seen him, and talked with him.—*Mobile Mercury, 2d inst.*

BY UNDERGROUND RAILWAY. A party of ten fugitive slaves—two men, three women, and five children—stopped at the U. G. Railroad office in this city yesterday, and was sent on to Canada by the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society. The party originally consisted of twenty persons, but was divided up in Pennsylvania. The party looked rather the worse for wear. —*Rochester Democrat.*

A CALL FOR A CONVENTION OF THE COLORED CITIZENS OF THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

We issue this call to invite you to attend a Convention to be held in the City of Boston, commencing at 10 o'clock, on Monday, the 1st day of August, 1859.

The primary object we have in view is, to take into consideration the Moral, Social, and Political elevation of those with whom we are identified, by complexion and condition, in the New England and other States.

In all, except five of the Eastern States, the colored citizens are deprived of the privilege of voting on equal terms with the whites.

Free suffrage is the basis of a free government, the safeguard of a free people, the strength of the strong, the defence of the weak, a powerful auxiliary to respectability, wealth and usefulness; and just in proportion as men are deprived of this, they are shorn of their strength, and are subject to poverty, disgrace and abuse.

We are convinced, fellow citizens, that not only our political, but our depressed condition in all other respects in the Free States, is owing in a great degree to the fact, that we are politically weak, not possessing the unrestricted use of the elective franchise. The national body politic see in us nothing to fear, and no favors to court.

We therefore urge upon colored men in all sections of New England, to evince their self-respect and love of freedom in efforts to promote their moral, social and political elevation, by assembling at the above time,—a day consecrated by the signal and successful example of Great Britain emancipating 800,000 men, women, and children, in her West Indie colonies, and hence eminently suggestive to us to strive in securing equality to the half free colored citizens of the Northern States, and thus hasten the day of full emancipation to the millions yet groaning in the Southern prison-house of our country.

The Convention will be held in Tremont Temple. Arrangements are making for reduced fare on some of the railroads. Many distinguished speakers from abroad are expected, including CHARLES H. LANGSTON, prominent in the Oberlin-Wellington Rescue cases. [Further particulars next week.]

This call is issued by authority of a public meeting held at Bethel Church, Boston, Tuesday, May 3, 1859.

WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,
LEWIS HAYDEN,
WILLIAM C. NELL,
JEREMIAH HARVEY,
JOHN J. SMITH,
NELSON L. PERKINS,
HENRY WEEDEN,
Committee.

MARK R. DEMORTIE,
GEORGE L. RUFFIN, *Secretaries.*

☞ We learn that, on Monday evening, a crowded and highly interesting meeting was held in the Twelfth Baptist Church, in this city, in promotion of the objects connected with the approaching Convention. Among those who took part were Wm. Wells Brown, Charles Lenox Remond, Lewis Hayden, Wm. C. Nell, John T. Smith, Dr. Rock, Charles H. Gardner. Edward Garrison Walker, and others. A large auxiliary committee of ladies was appointed. Unanimity and enthusiasm were characteristics of the meeting.

☞ LEICESTER, MASS.—Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, an Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, will speak on American Slavery, in the Town Hall, Leicester, on Sunday afternoon, July 24, at 6 o'clock.

☞ SPRINGFIELD.—ANDREW T. FOSS, an Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will speak at Springfield, on Sunday, July 24, afternoon and evening.

☞ WINCHENDON.—JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, an Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, will speak at Winchendon, Sunday, July 24.

☞ PLYMOUTH COUNTY.—The Anti-Slavery Society of Plymouth County will hold its annual meeting on Sunday, July 31st, in Union Hall, North Abington—sessions commencing at half-past 10, A. M., and 2, P. M. Miss SALLIE HOLLEY, N. H. WHITING, and others will be present as speakers.

BOURNE SPOONER, *President.*
SAMUEL CYER, *Sec'y.*

☞ Jonathan Walker's post-office address, for a few months, will be at Hopedale, Milford, (Mass.)

☞ All communications for the undersigned should be sent to Leicester, Mass.

SAMUEL MAY, Jr.

FEDERAL TYRANNY!

THIRTY-SEVEN MEN, *Lawyers, Doctors, Ministers, Legislators and Men of Business*, arrested and dragged to a FELON'S PRISON; their only offence being a compliance with those divine injunctions, 'Feed the hungry and clothe the naked,' and, 'As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

WE HAVE IN PRESS,
And shall publish about the 20th of July,
A COMPLETE HISTORY
OF THE
Oberlin-Wellington Rescue,

And the cruel persecution of the noble men who chose to obey God rather than man. A most infamous chapter in American History, which succeeding generations will wish to have expunged. This volume comprises a full account of the rescue, incarceration and trials.

READ IT, AMERICANS,

And MOURN over your coutry's degradation; scatter it broadcast over the land, that a SLAVOCRATIC NATION may see the depth of depravity and wickedness into which it has fallen, and arouse, repent and reform.

☞ We want 1000 active, whole-souled Agents to sell this book. Price, 50 cents, $4 50 per dozen, and $38 per 100 in paper covers, and 75

For the Liberator.

STANZAS FOR THE 'FOURTH.'

Unfurl not your banner in gladness to-day,
Fold the stars and the stripes from our sight far away;
Let your eagle unfold his strong pinions no more,
For the blood of our brother has stained them with gore.

The cannon, loud booming, but tells of our shame,
Of the stain and dishonor that rest on our name;
Should the bondman demand but his birth-right to-day,
That death-telling voice would his pleading repay.

It speaks of our freedom—'twould sound his death-knell;
Our triumph proclaiming, *his* dirge it would tell:
Can we then rejoice, as its echoes we hear?
Do they bring aught of hope our slave brother to cheer?

The bells are loud chiming a joyous refrain,
But their music is jarred by a deep wail of pain;
There's sadness and anguish, and woe and despair,
In the cry that is borne on the soft summer air.

Is it right, is it just we should welcome this day
With vain, empty pageants, and mocking display?
Alas! 'tis the birth-day of Freedom no more:—
Where now are the shrines that were builded of yore?

In ruins they lie o'er our fair, pleasant land,
And beside them doth Slavery in triumph now stand,
Proclaiming, while o'er them his gory hands wave—
'Who builds here an altar, shall find it a grave.

'Your North-land is only our hunting-ground still,
And ye are our minions, aye, tools of our will;
You dare not refuse our commands to obey,
Should we seek 'mong your hills for our chattels to-day.

'Ye boast that your sires were the Pilgrims of old,
But you've bartered their birthright for commerce and gold;
To our idol ye bow, in meek homage, the knee;
Ye're servile and cringing—not noble and free;

Have we not turned away from meek Pity's sad eye,
And stifled with cotton Humanity's cry?
Dare we follow the Right, where'er it may lead?
Do we listen to Justice and Truth when they plead?

Have we not said to Mammon, 'Our god thou shalt be;
Behold, we will bow in obedience to thee!
Give us land, give us gold, and our homage is thine;
We'll do all thy bidding, and kneel at thy shrine.'

Oh! then let us boast not of freedom to-day,
Since we have not the manhood oppression to stay;
'Twere surely more fitting our guilt to deplore,
Than recount the high deeds done by brave hearts of yore.

Barre, July 4, 1859. CARRIE.

For the Liberator.

MUSINGS.

I am sitting, sadly musing,
Though the scene is wondrous fair,
And the sounds of glad rejoicing
Are borne on the evening air.

I list to the cannon's booming,
And the sound of the noisy bells,
As their jubilant voices reëcho
Among the hills and dells.

'Tis the birth-day of our nation,
And thousands of hearts rejoice:
Can it be they do not hear it,
That sad and earnest voice?

For above the roar of cannon,
And the clang of bells, I hear
A cry, so fraught with anguish,
It fills my soul with fear.

Four million human voices
Blend in the piteous strain;
They only ask for freedom—
How long must they ask in vain?

Is there one of us so selfish
As to count our nation free,
While men, and women, and children
Are doomed to slavery?

This very day, a mother
And her babes were to be sold,
With wagons, horses, cattle!
Oh! let such horrors not be told.

And now perhaps they're parted,
To meet no more on earth;
If *this* is a free country,
Then what is freedom worth?

These sounds of vain rejoicing,
What mockery are they!
While our fair land is steeped in crime,
Keep no vain holiday.

But let us live to labor
Every day with spirits brave,
Until throughout our country
There shall not breathe a slave.

My vow shall here be registered,
While I kneel on this dewy sod:
I will be true to Freedom
While I live—so help me God!

Sherborn, July 4, 1859. E. D. MORSE.

For the Liberator.

THE RICH MAN'S PRAYER.

I.

Great God! when Thou didst man create,
Thou gavest him a 'large estate,'
Intending thus the world to teach
'Twas thy design man should be rich.

II.

But, ever since Creation's dawn,
Some have to poverty been born;
This gives the rich the right to rule,
Which he who questions is a fool.

III.

I thank Thee I the poor can use
To brush my clothes, to clean my shoes,
And do all kinds of menial labor,—
'Tis thus I'll prove I am their neighbor.

IV.

I thank thee, gracious God in heaven,
That thou to me such power hast given,
That what they think, they dare not say,
Till they have asked me if they may.

V.

Though they should starve, why should I care?
I have enough, but none to spare;
While I look out for 'number one,'
I'll leave the suffering poor alone.

VI.

While I admit 'tis often true
I could not well without them do,
For luxuries they should never lust,
But be contented with a crust.

VII.

While I, in my palatial home,
Can sit and let my fancy roam,
And feel from vexing cares I'm free,
While all around are full of glee—

VIII.

I'll heed not how the poor may fare!
Great God, I give them to thy care;
Since I'm not cursed with poverty,
If they should starve, 'tis nought to me.

IX.

Some say the poor man is my brother;
But I my head shall never bother
To trace our common pedigree;
If 'tis so—I've no wish to see. JUSTITIA.

THE LIBERATOR.

LETTER FROM THEODORE PARKER.

MONTREUX, (Switzerland,) June 25, 1859.

To all the Good People of the 28th Congregational Society, in Pic-nic assembled:—Young Men and Women, and Men and Women no longer young: Far off in body, let me salute you as face to face in spirit; so indeed we are, for I *feel* as near you as if my eye read your welcome and familiar faces, and saw there what you have been doing the last five months. A year ago, when I told you of the great oak trees, near by, about as large as John P. Hale in circumference, who stood up before you as the unit of measure, I had a dim presentiment that I should not be with you bodily at your next annual meeting—for I then felt the approach of the evils which have so disturbed me since, and was long in recovering from the night fatigues of that festal day. But I did not then think that when you should again look at Wellington Hill, 400 or 500 feet high, the *Pic du Midi*, 10,000 feet high, sheeted with snow, would seem as near to me. How little do we know what shall happen! That tall mountain—it passes for nothing in this Alpine family of giants—looks in at my window all day; and all night long it glitters white in the surrounding darkness; then blushes rosy red as morning comes up the sky. The snow shifts and varies on its top and sides from day to day; but never wholly disappears, 'tis said. I can throw a walnut from my chamber into the Lake of Geneva, whose blue-green waters are so fair all day. Handsome vineyards are all around me here; yet their crop is not so fair as our own Indian corn—the Pocahontas of the vegetable world, the great American Empress of the cereal grasses. The chateau Chillon is within fifteen minutes walk—built on a rock in the lake a few yards from the shore, where the water is 500 feet deep—*they say*. It is very old; there was a castle there, used as a prison in 830, and the present structure was put in its present shape in 1248.

A romantic little village, full of old houses, with its grey stone church, is perched on the side of the mountain, one or two hundred feet above my head. Most picturesque are the pleasant places where the lines of my present lot have fallen to me. So good comes out of evil!

The people here seem contented and happy, and look intelligent and virtuous; they work less than we, *save more, and enjoy more*. The country is rich, not by nature, but by the toil of many generations. For while in New England our last cultivation of the soil is not 240 years old, here you count the triumphs of industry by thousands of years. I think the vine was cultivated here before the time of Julius Cæsar! not to speak of corn and other needful things which human toil wooed out of this sunny land perhaps 3000 or 4000 years ago. The soil is poorer than what you stand on, and more stony too; the slopes are steeper than the most abrupt descents about you. But labor conquers all; the steep mountain sides are notched into terraces, whose sides are protected by the stones which once cumbered the ground; the shores are lined with stone to withstand the plashings of the uneasy lake. The soil is rich by art, and bears enormous crops of costly grapes. I love to see the Indian corn scattered here and there among the vines. Nothing is lost; no foot of soil, no ray of sunshine on a wall, but an apricot, a peach or a grape is ripening there. USE has not driven BEAUTY off; men are not content with the sublime of nature, they must have the handsome artifice of flowers. Pinks, hollyhocks, marigolds, gillyflowers and the queenly rose bloom in all the little gardens. In the homely windows of a stone cottage in the narrow street of Montreux, you will find a finer show of cactuses than all tropic Santa Cruz now presents to its proud and lazy inhabitants, equally incapable and regardless of beauty. Here, too, all is peace—it is the incidents of peace I have been speaking of. But only 80 miles off as the crow flies, are the outposts of the Allies; two armies, numbering 300,000 men, are drawing near to kill each other, and before these lines reach you, I suppose they will have reddened the ground with dreadful murder. No doubt the Austrians are the Devil to Italy; their name is Legion, and they have possessed it many a sad year—*i damnati Tedeschi*, as the Italians call them. Now Napoleon III., the Prince of that class of Devils, the very Beelzebub, comes to cast them out. It is good to get rid of the *old German Devil*, even if a new French one turns him off in this rough fashion;—it is of a kind that goes not out, except by fire and sword. I rejoice, therefore, in every French victory—it gives Italy some chance for freedom, though I hope little for these effete nations.

You and I may be thankful that our land is not trodden by the hoof of war; not yet, I mean, but the days will come when we also must write our great charter of liberty in blood. No nation in Europe has so difficult a problem to solve as America; none has so great a contradiction in the national consciousness. The spirit of despotism has a lodgment in the United States of America; 350,000 slaveholders keep 4,000,000 in a degrading bondage which Europe only knows in her ancient story, not from present facts. Besides these are 350,000 Hunkers, entrenched behind the colleges, courts, markets and churches of America, who are armed, in their way, for the defence of this despotism, and are deadly hostile to all the institutions of Democracy.

A great struggle goes on in Europe to-day, in *all* Europe. The actual war is local, confined to a small part of Italy; it may become general before you read this note, and be spread all over the land—for the *causes of war are everywhere*. It is the great battle of mankind against institutions which once helped, but now hinder the progress of humanity; human nature against the limitations of human history. On the one side are the progressive instincts of the race, demanding development—the enjoyment of their natural rights; on the other are the ecclesiastical and political dynasties which now possess the seats of power and the weapons of authority, and say to mankind, 'Thus far, but no farther!' We all know how such quarrels must end. Human instincts are a constant force, continually active, never wearing out, while dynasties perish, and are not renewed.

The Pope with his Christianity will go where the Pontifex went with his Heathenism; and one by one the despotisms of the kings will yield to the constitutional governments of the people. 'Forward! Upward!' is God's word of command. All thrones, all markets, all churches which stand in the way, will be trodden under foot of men! The past life of mankind is a struggle with the elements, and a battle against its own rulers; but the handsome vineyards of Switzerland, and the vast cities of Europe, are the results of that struggle; the constitutional governments of England, Old and New, are the triumphs won in that battle! Alas, the fight must continue for years, perhaps for generations. But peace is sure to come at last. In this great European strife I find no man dares appeal to America for encouragement. Her 4,000,000 slaves, her attempts to revive the African slave-trade, her courts which lay waste the principles of Democracy and Justice, her churches leagued with the stealers of men, are arguments for despotism and against a Republic. No doubt Austria is the hindmost State of Christian Europe, the most mediæval and despotic; light enters Russia, and is welcome, while Austria repels the dawn of day. But even this despotism has not a slave, while democratic America chains one-seventh of her population, and sets 4000,000 men for sale! France is the ally of rising Italy; America the helper of Austria, which would hold back the world. Even in your festivities, dear friends, I beg you to remember this, and not be unmindful of what we owe the world. I trust you will enjoy the day before you, and return home the wiser for your delight. I know you will believe me

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE PARKER.

PHYSICAL AND MORAL MALADIES.

To the Editor of the Liberator:

Your friend and coadjutor, Mr. H. C. Wright, is a man of sense and spirit, and what is more, a man of heart; but he does not seem to me to have hit precisely the cause of our physical and moral maladies, in his recent funeral sermon. Will you allow me to say a word to him, and perhaps through him to others? I will study brevity.

It is very easy to say that Mrs. Ober died prematurely, because she did not practically conform to the laws of health. But what are these laws? I know multitudes of people who are zealously seeking to ascertain the laws of health, and conform themselves thereto; but I do not find that they succeed in securing health or cheerfulness. Thousands of lusty sinners on every hand enjoy enough and to spare of both, while these pale captives to anxiety, who make a conscience of every mouthful they eat, and daily soak themselves into superfluous cleanness, and go about the world gasping for pure air, grow only more spectral every day. Look at the lilies! how beautiful their health appears compared with ours! and yet it all takes place without any pains on their part. Let us be ashamed to ask less things of God than He fairly lavishes upon these dumb, unasking lilies. If our Divine fountain-head be all and more than all we ascribe to Him, let us fearlessly though reverently ask such relations to Him as shall make us as unconscious of our health, as utterly irresponsible for our meat and drink, our clothing and shelter, as the least sophisticated lily that blows. In short, let us forsake these puny individual methods of overcoming evil, and take at once to the SOCIAL method, which alone is profitable.

The cause of all our evil, as of all our good, moral and physical, is *spiritual*. That is to say, it belongs to the world of mind, and only manifests itself, or comes to consciousness, in these visible effects. What then is the spiritual cause of all the evil, moral and physical, we undergo? It is *sin*: by which we mean the state of a creature not yet reconciled to his Creator. In what respect are we yet unreconciled to our Creator? In this respect: that whereas God sees us to be inwardly and indissolubly one, and refuses to recognise any individuality in us which does not imply such inward unity, we on the contrary feel ourselves to be reciprocally disunited and discordant, and in obedience to that feeling, cherish aims and ambitions utterly irrespective of other men. I am really *one* with all my kind. I have no affection, no passion, no appetite, no thought, no emotion, no sensation, neither faculty of any sort, nor capacity of any sort, which is not incessantly vitalized by that unity. If I were as *really* divorced from this inward and unsuspected unity, as I outwardly *seem* to be; if I were in very truth isolated from all those nutritive influences which from the unseen world incessantly vivify my moral and physical organization, I should fall into instant imbecility and unconsciousness. I am utterly dependent, in short, for all my *natural* powers, upon my inward and intimate oneness with every other partaker of my nature. Accordingly, the mother-evil in me which whelps all my special evils, moral and physical, is my spiritual unconsciousness of this great truth; is that fallacious estimate of my own independence, of my own absoluteness, which leads me at one moment to appropriate all manner of good to myself, the next all manner of evil. All my good and evil, both moral and physical, are in truth a perpetual derivation to me from spiritual societies, unknown to my natural sight. When therefore I attribute this influent good and evil to myself, in such a manner as to feel elated by the one and depressed by the other, I manifestly cherish a conception of myself utterly disproportioned to the truth of things, and sure to issue in very baleful fruit.

But this evil is no way peculiar to *me*. The old serpent (sense) tells me the same deceitful tale to every dawning intelligence, and is perfectly credited by all alike, so that practically all alike are off the true spiritual foundation, or err from the truth, and all alike suffer the consequences of such error; only you in one way, Mr. Wright perhaps in another, and I myself in still another. The malady is thus most strictly universal, and the remedy therefore can never be individual. We must all recover together, or recover not at all. No doubt that either you or I or any one else, by a living acknowledgment of the truth of human unity, that is, by putting away from our lives all those things which the existing Church and State teach us to do in contravention of such unity, may get *spiritual* extrication from this malady, and realize consequently in unseen worlds a life of freedom and innocence so perfect as to be now almost ineffable and inconceivable. But by no assiduity of individual effort can we dodge the law of *natural* solidarity, which binds us for health and disease, for weal and for wo, invincibly to our kind. How then *shall* we escape? Only by so wide-spread a recognition of human unity as shall issue in a more complete society—a more scientific fellowship—among men, than we have yet enjoyed. We must become so penetrated with the truth of the unity we have in our creative source, as to abhor all those existing inequalities which now so arbitrarily divide mankind, and to insist that every member of the community enjoy an equal exemption with every other from purely *natural* want. When we shall have attained to this practical acknowledgment of the truth; when we demand that every man by the simple virtue of his manhood, be entitled to every social advantage we ourselves enjoy; then at last our deep spiritual disease will avow itself healed, and all its malignant fruits, either in the sphere of action or that of passion, will rapidly disappear.

I am not absurd enough to suppose that I am saying any thing substantially new. My doctrine is at least as old as the letter of Christianity, and partakes, unless I am greatly mistaken, the eternal youth of its spirit. What does Christianity spiritually mean by its denunciation of the natural heart (or selfhood) and its injunction of a renewed heart? It means to say, that inasmuch as men are born, by the very necessity of their finite consciousness, into such meagre relations of amity and unity with each other, as suggest the most preposterous and inflated conception of themselves, and lead them rationally to infer that they really *are* the independent centres of life and force which they sensibly *seem* to be; therefore a Divine redemption is urgent in human nature, which shall overcome this heart of stone, and give us one of flesh, whereby we shall gradually unlearn all our pride, and find ourselves at last in perfect harmony with all other men. Such appears to me the obvious meaning of Christianity. It points to a flagrantly diseased condition of human nature, and asserts a Divinely perfect redemption from it. Now this redemption is already vividly manifest in that growing sentiment of human brotherhood and equality, which in the old world is fast overturning every throne and altar established upon other foundations, and in the new world is vivifying all those vigorous reforms, such as anti-slavery, temperance, the woman's movement, and so forth, which, if they are not the eternal day itself, are at all events its infallible harbingers. Pardon me if in Mr. Wright's ear, and your own, I whisper what has long seemed to me true; that if all these specific reforms of yours claimed the authentication of some more universal doctrine than they themselves constitute, or were themselves housed in some more general truth as wide as human hope, and therefore able to enlist *every* interest in its behalf, they would be greatly enhanced in importance to the popular conscience. Christianity, rationally or spiritually viewed, offers so Divine a doctrine of human freedom, or predicts as the ultimate aim of God's providence on earth so unsullied a righteousness for the whole family of man, that your anti-slavery movement (for example) might, as it appears to me, gather an impulse from it utterly unprecedented to your past experience. However, these are merely my private convictions, which you must regard or disregard as you please.

Yours, truly,
Newport, R. I., July 3d. H. J.

A JUVENILE MILITARY DISPLAY.

WORCESTER, July 15, 1859.

FRIEND GARRISON:—There is quite a rage in Worcester for 'Military Discipline' for boys; and three of our prominent schools advertise and have military classes; and the 'Cadets,' arrayed with the grey suit with fancy stripe and cadet cap with the metallic buttons, thus indicate the class to which they belong, are daily about the streets with an enlarged pomposity and arrogance that is quite disagreeable to quiet, sober citizens.

A short time since, one of these classes paraded the streets, the sights of which parade produced the following article, which neither of our city papers caring or daring to publish, not wishing to enter the lists so directly against the movement, I send it to you for a corner in the reformary department of the *Liberator*.

Walking into Main Street the other day with my little boy, we were somewhat surprised to find the sidewalks quite crowded with people of all sizes and qualities. Looking about to ascertain the cause of this unusual gathering, we heard music, and seeing a nucleus of the crowd centering about its apparent source, we squeezed in, and found a hand organ discoursing its crank-ground sweetness, accompanied by a monkey fantastically dressed in red, blue and black, who, with ludicrous gravity, went through the varied evolutions, that he had been taught, with all the precision and propriety of a drilled veteran, to the great amusement and astonishment of the boys, large and small, gathered round. We passed on, wondering that so many people should turn out to see the performance of one monkey. But presently we heard the loud strains of a band, and waiting a moment, we saw them coming with blood-red pants and other trimmings much in style and color like those of the monkey we had just seen, blowing their mighty brass horns with great valor and vigor, and surrounded by a great crowd of admiring citizens. Well, I like the music of a band; there is something inspiring and inspiriting in it that compels our admiration, despite the gaudy trimmings with which they are wont to bedeck themselves; and we stopped to listen awhile, wondering what all this pother and display that made so much noise, and brought out all the people, were for.

Looking over the heads of the gathered crowd, we saw following the band a few dozen boys, dressed in that peculiar grey suit with side stripes, (so like some State prison dress,) that almost every other boy you meet on the street, this season, is rigged with, making him feel, for some mysterious reason, a good deal smarter and bigger, and appear much more impudent and crank in all his demeanor, than ordinary boys. On this occasion they had great guns, with real sharp bayonets, and all the accoutrements with which boys of a larger growth play soldier, and seemed trying to look and feel as though they were, or wanted to be taken for mighty warriors.

A halt being ordered, these novitiate trainers were put through the evolutions of a military drill, entirely incomprehensible to my unsophisticated understanding, but which was presumed to have some reference to killing human beings on scientific principles. But I could comprehend that they performed what they had been taught, with nearly or quite as much precision, propriety and gravity as the monkey, whom we had just before seen, went through with his innocent discipline.

'What do you think of that?' said I to my pious friend, the Deacon.

'First rate! I like it—it gives the boys good excitement and amusement,' said he.

'But what do you think of war and the military system?' asked I.

'A curse and nuisance, schools of vice and dissipation,' was the reply.

'Well, is not this a nursery thereto, by which these boys will be inspired with the military and warlike spirit, and from which they are liable to get a taste for and initiation into the vice and dissipation that so much attach to military displays,—so that they may graduate full-blown drunkards and criminals?' asked I.

'Well, yes—it is so,' said he reflectively, as we separated.

The next friend I encountered was a clergyman, looking smilingly at the sad sight. 'Bad business for boys,' said I.

'Well, there are two sides to that question; there is nothing like the military discipline to make boys stand straight, square their shoulders, and be orderly and precise,' replied he.

'Send them to a gymnasium, or put them through a course of Calisthenics,' said I.

'They don't do it as well,' was the reply.

'Then it should be improved till it does do it; and if it cannot be done by any other process than this, better that the bodies of the boys should be crooked, than that their souls should be thus bent into the discipline of the art of human butchery, to take the risks of the dissipation and vice, without which none of the glory of the military system could be sustained,' said I.

We gave our coppers to the monkey, willing to encourage anything that tended to raise the brute towards the human, rather than that which trained the human towards the brute, and went home with sad reflections upon the influence of this military training upon the future of their youth, and the community in which they should live. J. A. H.

To Help the Indian is the Quickest Way to Free the Negro.

MR. EDITOR:

As several of our good Anti-Slavery friends have misapprehended the movement in behalf of the Indians, as though it were a rival institution, and got upon the supposition that the school-boy question, whether the Negro or the Indian is the most wronged, was decided, and that this movement is the result; permit me to assure our friends, that the movers in this cause regard the oppression of both races as united in the 'sum of all villanies,' and, therefore, to be in earnest to redress the wrongs of one race, and at the same time to be indifferent to the sufferings of the other, is partial, unwise, and must be unsuccessful. And it has been with deep regret that we have heard allusions made to the existence of slavery among the Cherokees, as though that was a good reason why all the tribes, both east and west of the Rocky Mountains, should be left unprotected from Border Ruffian outrage. It should not be forgotten that slavery among the civilized tribes has been engrafted upon them by their civilizers; and even if they were disposed to abolish the system, they cannot do it while the Slave Power is dominant among them. The Indians themselves are not free, and therefore are not responsible. And in regard to the tribes in California, and Oregon and Washington territories, they are subject to the most galling and murderous oppression, whilst against those in New Mexico and Arizona, a war of extermination is waged.

Now, when it is considered that several of these tribes are among the finest specimens of the race, and that they are nobly contending for life and freedom, surely they have a claim upon the sympathies of every freeman in the land. The necessity for immediate action arises from the fact that the tide of emigration is pressing over all the Indian territory; and unless the friends of justice do something immediately to rebut the cruel and atheistic notion, that the Indians must necessarily 'perish before the march of civilization,' DELAY IS DEATH. Already the murderous work is in progress, and so long as anti-slavery men are silent, or, like the Priest and Levite, pass by on the other side, it is construed as approval of the work. The first thing which the Indian needs from us is a practical acknowledgment of his manhood, which would secure for him a sufficient domain, upon which no soldiers and no creeds other than what themselves desired, should be allowed to obtrude. Instead of forts, there should be colonies of practical Christians, whose guide would be the Golden Rule, located among them in sufficient numbers to become self-sustaining by developing the resources of the country, and aiding in the highest attainments, and avocations of civilized life.

I need not dwell upon the advantages of the above over the present system of waste and war. There are none so blind but can see that peaceful, industrious and prosperous communities upon all our borders would be vastly more conducive to the general good than demoralizing war and roaming savages. The plan proposed commends itself to the conscience and intellect of the nation, and, when fully understood, will meet with general co-operation, because there is no deep-rooted prejudice to oppose, and no interests to clash with it, except those of the grossest speculation; while, on the other hand, there are pleasing historical associations. It is not forgotten that the Indians are (on the maternal side) the progenitors of Randolph and Jefferson, and that, as a people, they possess traits of the highest order of manhood, and that when our fathers were few and feeble in the land, they, on many occasions, gave them aid and comfort.

There can be no just reason why each of the fifty thousand pastors and the three thousand editors should not appeal to the magnanimity of our people in behalf of these poor Indians; and, when this is done, the pity of the nation will be moved towards them. Such a movement would send a thrill of joy among all classes; it would cause the moral pulse to throb with stronger life. Savage men, both white and red, would feel it, and yield to Love's all-conquering power, and as a consequence of a common effort in a work of justice to blot out the oldest national sin, there would be an increase and quickening of the moral element, which would work on to remove all existing wrongs; and as it contemplates no sectarian or party aggrandizement, there is reason to believe that, from the President to the lowest official, there would be hearty concurrence. Hence, it is clear that to help the Indian is the surest way to free the Negro.

Respectfully, yours,
JOHN BEESON.

THE LATE ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTHERN MICHIGAN RAILROAD.

HORRIBLE SCENES.

W. J. Hawks, Esq., of Charlestown, Va., furnishes the *Free Press* with a thrilling account of the late horrible accident on the Southern Michigan railroad. Mr. Hawks, after stating that he was a passenger, and that he was swept forty yards down the stream from where the train was precipitated into it, says:—

On reaching the shore, I stumbled over a man—turned and found him alive. I asked him his name. He replied, 'Walworth.' I could not raise him, and went to the cars for assistance, passing ten or twelve dead bodies on the beach. Arriving at the wreck, I found some one had procured a light; returned, and found Walworth dead. He was a large, fine-looking old gentleman. I afterwards assisted his son in his last moments.

The first thing that arrested my attention on entering the car that I had left was, that I was standing on a pile of dead bodies. One man I thought alive, and gazing into my face. I turned the lamp around, and the glazed eye of death told me that all was over. A lady had her arms clasped around his neck, with a frightful wound in her head, her feet caught and crushed in the wheels of the car. At their feet lay a beautiful boy, with his head severed from his body as closely as it could have been done by the guillotine. Some were just in the pangs of death. Others, caught and crushed by the falling timbers, begged me to kill them, and put them out of their misery. There was a lady, going to meet her husband, with her daughter six years old, and a babe at the breast. The mother and little girl were killed. The mother had clasped the babe in such a manner that it was unhurt.

The ground was strewed with heads, arms, legs, and dead bodies. I saw several with their backs broken and their lower limbs paralyzed, writhing in the sand. Some of them would clutch me as I passed, with a grasp from which it was almost impossible to free myself. Several beautiful boys and girls were taken from the water, and laid upon the bank. They were drowned, but looked beautiful in death. Others were crushed between the wheels, with their faces and hands upturned in a supplicating manner. I passed a woman who begged me to find her children. She was crying, 'Oh! my dear family! oh! my six children!' Both of her legs were crushed off below the knee. She lived ten or fifteen minutes. I afterwards assisted in taking two of her children from the wreck, dead. Two more fine boys of hers were found, one with his leg cut off, the other had lost an arm, and both were living when I left.

After assisting some time at the wreck, I led an old man to the farm house, who had a frightful wound in his foot. Twelve or fourteen of the wounded had been carried thither on a litter made of carpets. About daylight four physicians had arrived from South Bend and Mishawaka, and were doing all in their power to alleviate the suffering of the wounded. Stepping over a man that was stretched on the floor, he caught me by the hand and cried out, 'Friend, kill me; give me some opium; something to put me out of my misery.' His lungs were broken, and he said 'he felt he should burst,' and wanted me to 'run my knife into him.' He was a fine-looking young man, about twenty-five years of age. I asked the doctor to relieve him. He told me he was past recovery. I at last prevailed upon him to pierce his breast. He pierced it in four places, and told me to press the wind out. It soon relieved him. The wind in escaping made a noise like a whistle. He held me by the hand—would not let me go—said 'his poor old father lived in Adrian, Michigan, and had been to Kansas for him; and that they were both now on their way home—said his name was Walworth.' I then recognized the resemblance between him and the old gentleman that died on the beach. I did not tell him his father was dead. He said he hoped his father was spared; but if dead, that he had gone to heaven; that he was a Christian; that he wished he had lived as his father had done. He asked me to pray for him. I told him he must pray for himself. He prayed for several moments in a most sublime and affecting manner; asked me to make a memorandum for him to this effect: 'Write to William Walworth, Adrian, Michigan; tell him that I died calling on God for mercy; tell him not to live as I have lived, but whilst in health prepare for death; tell him how on the borders of the grave I regretted my past life.' He then told me the name of the lady he was going home to marry. He requested me to write to her, and he gave her his property. I called a witness to certify to this his last will and testament. He was completely exhausted. The doctor gave him a dose of morphine to alleviate his pain. I left him to visit the wreck.

ANNIVERSARY WEEK.

A correspondent of the Providence *Tribune*, in giving an account of the proceedings of Anniversary Week in Boston, says:—

The abolitionists had the usual quantity of good speaking. I believe their bitterest enemies will concede to them the palm of oratory, which is theirs from the simple reason that they are downright in earnest, and believe what they say. It is an old rule, that you must believe a thing if you would enforce its belief on others; and no one can doubt that the abolitionists are sincere in what they set forth. It is a great pity that we do not have Wendell Phillips in Congress. Some day or other, the people of his district will, I hope, catch him, and make a Representative of him, or, better still, the Legislature will make him a Senator. There ought to be a 'hot press' of able seamen to man the ship of State; and Mr. Phillips would then be the first man sought. But I suppose he would not take the necessary oath, being as confirmed a non-juror as was the most honest of the Jacobites, pious old Bishop Kenn himself. As the world has it, he 'destroys his usefulness,' or lessens it by his puritanism. But he is a splendid orator, and excites men pretty much after the fashion that they are moved by *La Marseillaise* from a full band fully up to its work. The complaint is sometimes made that he is occasionally unjust, that he hits men hard who are engaged in the same work that he has so much at heart, though they prefer a different field from that which he has chosen, and in which he has no equal. Perhaps there is some truth in this, but it has been the same with all great reformers. If a man sees a great truth with an eagle-like glance, which not even the sun can blind, he is very apt to become irritated with those whose vision is limited, and who are under the necessity of feeling their way along the dusty highroad of life.

There was a very enthusiastic woman's rights meeting on Friday afternoon, at which good speeches were made by persons of both sexes. The women are more liberal than men—perhaps I should say, more logical, though logic is not thought to be the sex's strong point—and allow the whiskered portion of humanity to speak in their meetings. Dr. Harriot K. Hunt, Rev. James Freeman Clark, Miss C. A. Way, Wendell Phillips, Mrs. C. H. Dall, Rev. Charles Ames, and J. T. Sargent, were the principal persons who 'agitated;' and they spoke well, too. The men were even more earnest than the women, probably inspired by the presence of the latter. For myself, I am quite willing that women should vote, serve on juries, and perform all or sundry the duties of men that they are physically able to perform. It is all stuff that women are not, intellectually, the equals of men; and it is intellect, not force, that rules the world. When the great empire of France is placed in the hands of a handsome young woman,—as in France, the Salique law country to boot,—why should not American women be thought up to the business of politics and law? They would not, certainly, get the country into a worse mess than the men have got it into. I ought not to forget to mention that Mrs. Severance, who presided, filled the chair as well as occupied it, and that she showed herself well qualified for the office of Speaker, should crinoline ever get its just deserts.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

A compound remedy, in which we have labored to produce the most effectual alterative that can be made. It is a concentrated extract of Para Sarsaparilla, so combined with other substances of still greater alterative power as to afford an effective antidote for the diseases Sarsaparilla is reputed to cure. It is believed that such a remedy is wanted by those who suffer from Strumous complaints, and that one which will accomplish their cure must prove of immense service to this large class of our afflicted fellow-citizens. How completely this compound will do it has been proven by experiment on many of the worst cases to be found of the following complaints:—

SCROFULA AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS, ERUPTIONS AND ERUPTIVE DISEASES, ULCERS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, TUMORS, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, SYPHILIS AND SYPHILITIC AFFECTIONS, MERCURIAL DISEASE, DROPSY, NEURALGIA OR TIC DOULOUREUX, DEBILITY, DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION, ERYSIPELAS, ROSE OR ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, and indeed the whole class of complaints arising from IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.

This compound will be found a great promoter of health, when taken in the spring, to expel the foul humors which fester in the blood at that season of the year. By the timely expulsion of them many rankling disorders are nipped in the bud. Multitudes can, by the aid of this remedy, spare themselves from the endurance of foul eruptions and ulcerous sores, through which the system will strive to rid itself of corruptions, if not assisted to do this through the natural channels of the body by an alterative medicine. Cleanse out the vitiated blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, eruptions, or sores; cleanse it when you find it is obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it whenever it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Even where no particular disorder is felt, people enjoy better health, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. Keep the blood healthy, and all is well; but with this pabulum of life disordered, there can be no lasting health. Sooner or later something must go wrong, and the great machinery of life is disordered or overthrown.

Sarsaparilla has, and deserves much, the reputation of accomplishing these ends. But the world has been egregiously deceived by preparations of it, partly because the drug alone has not all the virtue that is claimed for it, but more because many preparations, pretending to be concentrated extracts of it, contain but little of the virtue of Sarsaparilla, or any thing else.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles, pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative properties whatever. Hence, bitter and painful disappointment has followed the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself is justly despised, and has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound Sarsaparilla, and intend to supply such a remedy as shall rescue the name from the load of obloquy which rests upon it. And we think we have ground for believing it has virtues which are irresistible by the ordinary run of the diseases it is intended to cure. In order to secure their complete eradication from the system, the remedy should be judiciously taken according to directions on the bottle.

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
LOWELL, MASS.
Price, $1 per Bottle; Six Bottles for $5.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

has won for itself such a renown for the cure of every variety of Throat and Lung Complaint, that it is entirely unnecessary for us to recount the evidence of its virtues, wherever it has been employed. As it has long been in constant use throughout this section, we need not do more than assure the people its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do for their relief all it has ever been found to do.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

FOR THE CURE OF

Costiveness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Dysentery, Foul Stomach, Erysipelas, Headache, Piles, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Liver Complaint, Dropsy, Tetter, Tumors and Salt Rheum, Worms, Gout, Neuralgia, as a Dinner Pill, and for Purifying the Blood.

They are sugar-coated, so that the most sensitive can take them pleasantly, and they are the best aperient in the world for all the purposes of a family physic.

Price, 25 cents per Box; Five boxes for $1.00.

Great numbers of Clergymen, Physicians, Statesmen, and eminent personages, have lent their names to certify the unparalleled usefulness of these remedies, but our space here will not permit the insertion of them. The Agents below named furnish gratis our AMERICAN ALMANAC, in which they are given; with also full descriptions of the above complaints, and the treatment that should be followed for their cure.

Do not be put off by unprincipled dealers with other preparations they make more profit on. Demand AYER'S, and take no others. The sick want the best said there is for them, and they should have it.

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June 24. 4w

WORCESTER WATER-CURE.

DR. SETH ROGERS, being about to return from Paris, where he has spent several months in medical observations, will resume, after July 1, 1859, the medical superintendence of this Institution.

May 27. 3m